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Vol. 22 No.9

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FORD GT40: ITS SPITTING IMAGE SAVES £60,000

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Vol. 22 No. 9

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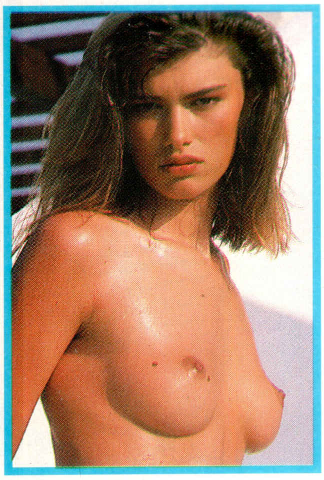
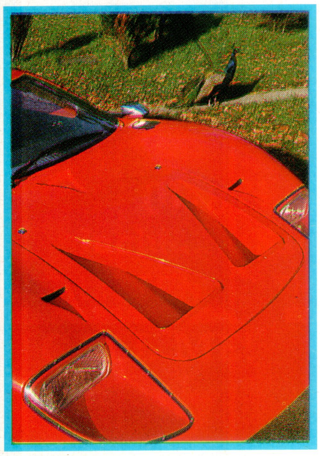


When our computer operator 19-year-old Phoebe Young makes a visual display of herself, she'll turn all of you into RAMs **51**

Canoeing down cliff faces is spectacular, scaring and near suicidal **34**



The Ford GT40 was famous at Le Mans, and now a used one will cost at least £90,000. But the GTD40 replica looks and drives the same for just a mere £35,000 **62**

C O V E R STORY

Star of our show this month is Cindy Milo. Her TV credits are numerous, including being the hostess on *Bob's Full House,* an au pair in *Don't Wait Up* and a tart in *The Two Ronnies* **83**

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** / Motoring **William Boddy** Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistant **Sarah Buck** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

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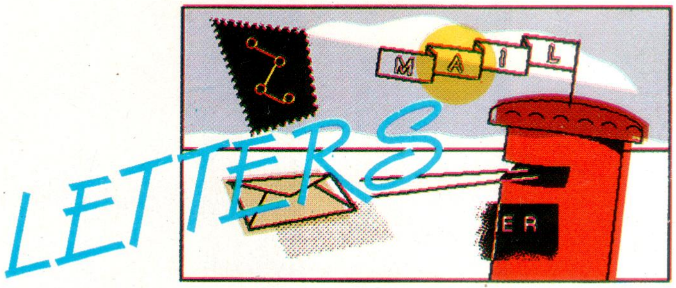
Super Sarah

May I congratulate photographer Jon Bernard on his two great sets of the lovely and curvaceous Sarah Whittle (Vol 21 No 8 and Vol 22 No 7). I am sorry to hear that Sarah is giving up modelling, but her pictures will be a superb reminder of her. May I wish her well in her new venture?

Tom Haxton, Cowdenbeath



All in the mind

This letter contains views I have had for some time, but what finally prompted me to write was the letter from J M. Pendleton in Vol 22 No 7. The thought of an Obscene Publication Bill of the kind he mentions is terrifying for a number of reasons.

Firstly, I believe that every adult in this country must be able to make up his or her mind as to the kind of material he or she wishes to read or view. The only thing that can possibly be called 'obscene' is having somebody else tell us what we can and cannot subject ourselves to.

Secondly, and even more frightening, is the false reasoning behind such proposed legislation, particularly as it relates to AIDS. To claim that sexual literature increases the likelihood of AIDS spreading, as some do, is complete rubbish. If one is able to gain a certain amount of sexual satisfaction out of reading or viewing material with a sexual content, then individuals are likely to go out in seach of 'the real thing' far less often. This in turn can only help to *prevent* the spread of AIDS.

I am not necessarily advocating 'hard' pornography (although there may be a very good case in favour of this), but I am saying that if *Mayfair*, and similar publications are forced by idiotic laws to make the kind of alterations specified, readers will no longer be satisfied by them, and this will lead to an enormous increase in 'real sex' among the readership. This will hardly help to reduce the number of AIDS victims.

Today's society has had this kind of literature available to it for many years now, and any sensible adult knows that it harms no one. So I say to those who wish to make the aforementioned bill law: think again! AIDS is already a big enough threat. If the bill becomes law it will get far worse, as will all sexually-based crime.

NP, Barry

A shameless reader

I am writing to express my wholehearted agreement with the letter from John M Pendleton of Carnoustie which you published in Vol 22 No 7, opposing MP Gerald Howarth's proposed Obscene Publications bill. You provide a great service for many open-minded people like myself. I buy my *Mayfair* from a leading newsagent and, despite the 'odd' looks from the older generation whilst queueing, I would not dream of feeling shame. *And* I have seen many girls and women looking through and buying your excellent magazine.

This is 1987, not 1887, and MPs who have Victorian values should really devote their efforts to real issues.

As a healthy male who enjoys life, and sex, I realise I may soon be banished to Sibera for my beliefs. So be it, as long as I can take Bernadette O'Connor and Sarah Whittle from Vol 22 No 7 along with me!

D Barker, Blackburn

Model answers

I wonder how many of your readers saw the Page Three Debate on BBC TV's 'Open Space' programme on May 11, broadcast from Girton College, Cambridge. The motion was 'This House would ban sexually provocative pictures from the papers', and the first speaker from the floor against the motion was *Mayfair's* own nudest Cambridge graduate from Vol 21 No 9, Ella Howard.

The 'ayes' were to win the debate, as the room seemed to be full of feminists, but after all the platitudes from the platform it was refreshing to have some original thought before civilised debate was ended by a virulent feminist who continually interrupted, even a speaker from her own side. Ella spoke clearly, and to the point, and I thought readers would appreciate a summary of her views, which I noted down.

Page Three, she said, 'not merely does not do any harm to women, it actually has something very beneficial to offer them. When I was studying science I felt that I was actually being turned into a man. I was encouraged to think in a very male way. I was in a man's world, and being a woman didn't really count for anything.

'In modelling I know that I'm a woman — there's no getting away from it. Modelling has taught me a lot about confidence and self worth. But it has also taught me to accept my own sexuality.

'A lot of women are terrified of men's sexuality. They see men whistling at them and think "I can't handle that." The feminist's answer is to deny that this is a valid thing, and say that men's sexuality is wrong, and we must stop all these pictures. That simply does not help women to accept themselves. What modelling has done for me is that it's made me accept not only my own sexuality but also the sexuality of men. I've had to admit it as a reality and not something to run away from, and then take a decision about it. 'Page Three, I think, does the same, not only for the models involved in it but for the women who look at sexy pictures because it helps them feel sexy and independent. I speak from my own experience.'

EH, Amersham

We found Ella's remarks extremely interesting. In our view, very few women seem willing, or able, to analyse the effects of their own sexuality, at least in terms a man can understand. We invite our female readers to comment.

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Black mischief

I can't tell you how thrilled I was to see your recent pictures of the fantastic Lucienne Camille. It's not

turn to page 10

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LETTERS

continued from page 8
just that she was the most fabulous black girl who ever graced a camera lens, but that she reminds me of my own misspent youth, and in particular the very first strip show I ever witnessed.

As a horny adolescent in the early sixties, I was hooked on the glamour models of the day. Every cent of my apprentice's pay used to go on magazines with such mouth-watering titles as *Eves in Paradise, Nude Venus* and *Unclad Cuties*. Inside were such naked, shapely, busty, billowing females as June Palmer, Annette Johnson and Anne Simpson. In those far off days no 'respectable' female would even show her stocking tops, and the thought that girls existed who were willing to display every curve they possessed used to drive me wild with understandable frustration.

In my late teens I got to hear that over in Manchester, Maxime's Revue Bar was running strip shows. When I also heard that they had booked Rosemary Williams, a black Jamaican girl who was one of the leading strippers of the day, wild horses wouldn't have kept me away. Fortunately I was a big lad and had no trouble passing for more than twenty-one. I was even lucky enough to get a ringside seat. After an interminable wait the compere announced that the show was about to start, and the first stripper tripped into the space that had been cleared between the tables. For the next two hours my eyes were like hat pegs as girl after shapely, sexy girl removed her clothing in an avalanche of naked, writhing bums and tits and thighs and nipples and pubes.

Eventually, to the accompaniment of some quite objectionably racist jokes, the compere announced the top of the bill: 'a luscious bit of black velvet. Put your hands together, gents, for the lovely Rosemary!'

A gorgeous negress emerged from the girls' changing room and promptly eclipsed everything that had gone before. She was clad in a red, full length evening gown, slit to the pelvis, and at first she simply danced around the tables, giving mouth-watering flashes of thigh and coal black mammary. Then the beat of the music changed, some lucky bastard unzipped her and I almost cried out with astonishment as her dress shimmied seductively to the floor.

'I was only joking Mr Mortimer. There hasn't been a death penalty for years, particularly for tax evasion.'

She had huge breasts, a tiny little waist, dramatically curvy thighs, and from her head to the soles of her feet she was as black as the inside of the devil's boots. But that was only the start.

With the aid of various customers she peeled off both stockings before wriggling out of her suspender belt. There was almost a fight as virtually the entire audience tried to help her out of her panties and then, for a full three minutes, she danced naked save for a tiny little G-string.

It was the most mind-blowing, most dazzlingly erotic display I have ever witnessed. She writhed and twisted, bumped and ground like a demented sexual dervish. She would run her hands over her breasts and belly and crotch, her hips gyrating in a continuous circle of sensuality. Then she'd turn round and, with her bottom literally inches away from a customer's eyes, she'd run her hands over her cheeks, while thrusting them into the lucky man's face. Indeed, it was that bottom, more than any other feature, which really set my blood on fire. It was richer, fuller, and meatier than even my wildest dreams would have allowed.

She must have read my thoughts, because she suddenly thrust her hindquarters into my face and gave herself two great stinging slaps, which were clearly audible above the music.

Then, as her act drew to a close, she sat down, removed her G-string and stood up again stark naked, while my eyes rivetted themselves to the little Brillo pad at the bottom of her belly. As she waddled off stage, her boobs and her bottom joggled harmoniously together.

After that I became a hopeless addict of striptease, and, having seen hundreds of shows since, I have become convinced that black girls invariably make better strippers than their white sisters. Not only that, but, having dabbled with glamour photography, I find that negresses are generally much more natural and relaxed when undressed in front of the camera than white models. And on the all too rare occasions that I've managed to entice a black girl between the sheets, brother, have we bounced the bedsprings!

Please feature more dusky maidens in your pages. I'm sure you'll find they'll be well appreciated.

JG, Liverpool

Uniform request

I never miss a single issue of your magazine, and I look forward to buying it every month. However, every so often, an issue surpasses even your own high standards, and this is certainly the case with Vol 22 No 7. This is by far the best issue since Vol 21 No 2, and joins the classic issues such as Vol 20 nos 7,9 and 11, and Vol 19 No 6. There are five reasons why this should be so, and their names are Corinne, Andrea, Bernadette, Kelly and Jane.

Corinne Bentley's sultry good looks, pouting lips and deep sensual eyes are a real turn-on, but even more than that she has one of the most perfect bodies I have ever seen. The opening shot of Bernadette on page 15 is extremely arousing, as is the small photograph at the top of page 18, where she is seen pulling aside her shorts to reveal her exquisite little fanny.

The pictures of Kelly are a real treat, as we see her peeling off her tight skirt and beautiful lingerie in a very exciting way.

I know there have been several readers' requests lately for a greater 'striptease element' in your girl pictures, and it's good to know that *Mayfair* has taken note. Seeing a lovely girl like Kelly slowly strip off her everyday clothes adds extra excitement to her pictures.

Jane Cadogan has the most beautiful breasts of all the girls in the issue, and they are topped by the most luxuriant, soft, pink nipples. Andrea Clark is a stunningly beautiful girl. Her sparkling blue eyes and sexy smile make her irresistable, and I have only one complaint. It is suggested in the accompanying story that she would like to join the police force, but we never see her in uniform. She would have looked tremendous. Could we please see more girls in uniform? The last uniformed model was nurse Andrea Blackman in Vol 19 No 4 — over three years ago. It would be the one way to improve on your wonderful array of beautiful girls.

RJM, Edinburgh

Yoghurt surprise

Jacqueline Luis — the MP's nudest secretary who appeared in Vol 22 No 5 — is absolutely right when she talks about the fun two people can have with a pot of yoghurt, as I found out myself recently.

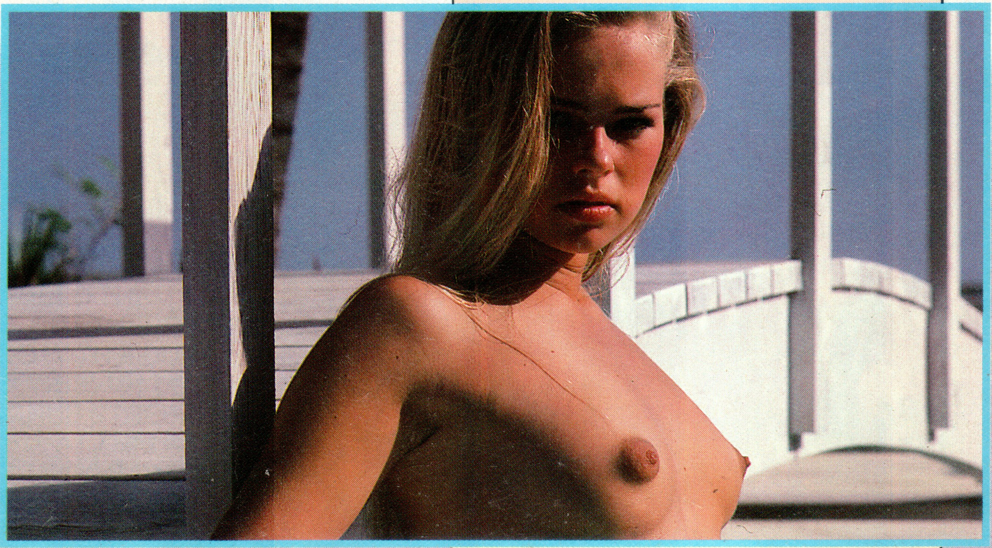
I am 21 and a student in London, studying physics, a subject which doesn't bring me into contact with

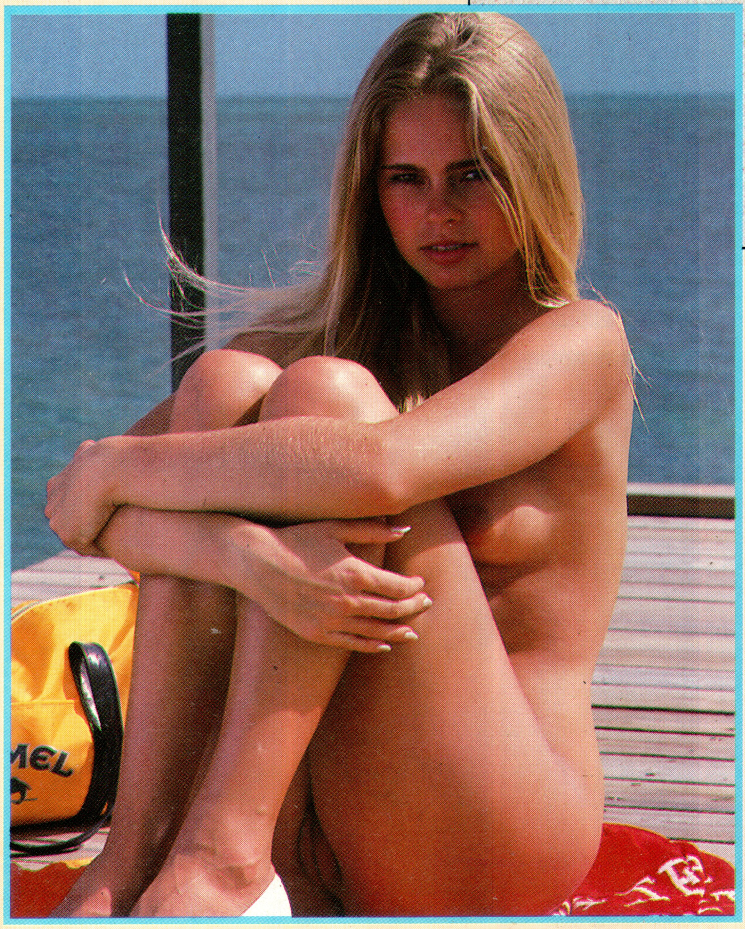
turn to page 112

Elizabeth

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

When a man you've never met before asks you to strip he's probably acting on impulse — to rephrase the TV ad — but is it the sort of impulse a well brought up young lady, like Elizabeth Jay, should take seriously?





Nineteen-year-old Elizabeth was in two minds, particularly as all but a few vital square inches of her 34C-22-34 figure was already on full display. 'I was on holiday in France, sunbathing topless,' she says,

'when this man came up and asked if I'd ever modelled. Then he gave me his card and told me to get in touch. The girlfriends I was with were very miffed, especially the one getting the all-over tan!'

But they still went along with her to check that 'John Patrick', as they called him, was genuine. 'I'd often thought of modelling,' says Londoner Elizabeth. But she believed that

at 5 feet 3 inches she was too short. 'Luckily that doesn't matter with your clothes off. At least it's better than my first job. I was an apprentice with a decorating firm. I was good at stripping down for them too!'

Fish Lovers!
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BEER OFFER
THIS remarkable fish, a distant relative of the infamous Japanese Lager-Sipper, thought until recently to be extinct, was discovered by Turkish explorer O'my-O'my.
He writes: "On a recent field trip to the Amazon, I noticed the presence of the Amazing Amazonian Drinking-Fish in my glass of cold Gold Label Very Strong Special Beer. We had chosen the Gold Label VSSB because of its unique compact proportions. (Although only 180ml, Gold Label is Britain's strongest nationally available beer. Brewed twice as long and matured six times as long as ordinary beers.)
Incredibly, each time I drank from the glass, the Amazing Amazonian Drinking-Fish was able to regenerate the exact amount of Gold Label I had drunk."
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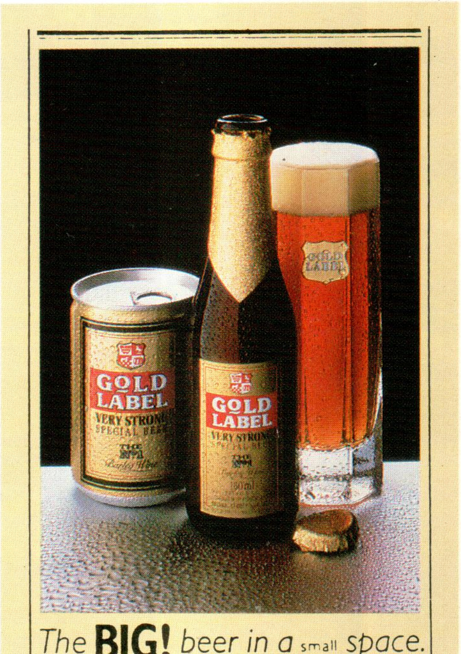
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ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

Crippled by unprovoked artillery fire, besieged for 13 weeks on China's Yangtze river by Communist forces, the frigate HMS Amethyst had only one hope of escape: a night time dash to the sea under fire from guns lining the river banks

FRIGATE UNDER FIRE:

HMS AMETHYST's 100 DAYS OF HELL

By Edwyn Gray

It was a brutal and savage naval battle with no quarter asked and none given. And it was fought against an enemy which the British government did not recognise, and with whom a state of war did not exist. It began at 8.31 am on the morning of Wednesday April 20, 1949 and ended 13 weeks later, during the early hours of July 31. Even more remarkably it took place some 150 miles from the sea, deep in the heart of mainland China, on the muddy waters of the Yangtze River. The fierce and bloody opening skirmish cost the Royal Navy the lives of 44 men with a further 52 wounded — many maimed by an artillery barrage fired at point blank range. In addition the frigates *Amethyst* and *Black Swan*, the cruiser *London*, and the destroyer *Consort* all suffered serious damage.

Despite the diplomatic niceties of the situation, it was war in all but name — an RAF Sunderland flying boat even joining in the fray at one point — and, when the British squadron finally withdrew downriver to lick its wounds, its Admiral was forced to leave the crippled *Amethyst* behind as a hostage to fortune. For the next three months the attention of the world's press centred on the fate of the beleagured frigate

FRIGATE UNDER FIRE: HMS AMETHYST'S 100 DAYS OF HELL

and her gallant crew. And the story of their valiant fight to escape was destined to become a latter-day epic of naval heroism.

When the *Amethyst* first set out of Shanghi on the morning of Tuesday April 19 she was under orders to proceed up river and relieve the destroyer *Consort,* which was on guardship duty at Nankin. Despite the routine nature of her mission, the timing of her passage was, to say the least, somewhat injudicious. For China was embroiled in civil war and the conflict had reached a crucial and climatic stage. The Communist forces, under Mao Tse-tung, driving southwards in a bid to defeat the Nationalist government and to gain military and political control of the entire sub-continent, had reached the north bank of the Yangtze River — a natural barrier to any invading army — and were, at that very moment, locked in acrimonious negotiations with the Nationalist leader, Chiang Kai-shek.

A temporary truce had been called while the talks were taking place, but this was due to expire on April 20, and the Communists had made it clear that, if the government failed to let Mao's army make an unopposed crossing of the river by the end of that day, an assault crossing, supported by massed artillery, would be launched on April 21.

The British time table to relieve the guardship at Nanking was tight. But, if the truce held, there was just time for the change-over to be completed before hostilities recommenced. There were no serious fears of retaliatory action as the *Amethyst* steamed up river from Shanghi. Nevertheless, live ammunition was readied for use, just in case it was needed and, as an additional precaution, the frigate's captain, Lieutenant Commander Bernard Skinner, had two large Union Jacks painted on canvas frames ready to be lowered over the ship's sides, if there was an unexpected emergency.

Amethyst, launched in May 1943, had a full-load displacement of 1,975 tons and an overall length of 299½ feet. Her top speed of 19 knots was more than adequate for river operations, and her main armament of six four-inch dual-purpose weapons, grouped in three gun houses, plus four 40 mm semi-automatic Bofors cannons and a single 20 mm Oerlikon, made her a formidable little fighting ship. A veteran from the Battle of the Atlantic, she had sunk the *U-1208* off Cork on February 20, 1945 and, a month earlier, had shared in the killing of *U-482*. She had seen service, too, against the Japanese during the final months of war. And now, with the return of peace, she was part of the Royal Navy's China Squadron charged with the protection of British lives and interests in the Far East.

To the British sailor the Yangtze delta had always been 'miles and miles of bloody nothing surrounded by sweet bugger all' and the lower reaches of the river certainly lived up to this traditional, if indelicate, description as *Amethyst* pushed her way through the mist-shrouded waters at an economical 11 knots. She reached Kiang Yin, a small port a hundred miles up river, late that same afternoon and dropped anchor for the night. Vessels rarely risked making passage during the hours of darkness and, even in daylight, *Amethyst* carried two Chinese civilian pilots to guide her through the treacherous shoals, shifting channels, and fierce currents of one of the world's greatest inland waterways.

The frigate resumed her progress up river soon after dawn. By 7.30 am, having warned the crew over the ship's intercom that they were about to enter the fighting zone, Skinner gave orders to raise speed to 16 knots, while the hands went to breakfast.

An hour later, at 8.31 am, a battery of Communist field guns, concealed amongst the tall reeds of the north bank, fired a ragged salvo of shots — 12 in all — but they fell well clear of the warship, and no one felt any particular alarm: the general opinion being that they were stray shells from a routine bombardment of Nationalist forces on the opposite bank and that the *Amethyst* was just 'piggy in the middle'.

Nevertheless, as a precautionary measure, the newly painted Union Jacks were unfurled and hung down over the ship's side as visual confirmation of the frigate's nationality, and Skinner ordered the engines to maximum power to take them clear of the danger area as quickly as possible. Once beyond range of the offending battery, speed was reduced to 16 knots and a signal drafted to Hong Kong, reporting details of the incident. With the emergency over, the guns were unloaded and the cooks began lunch.

But at 9.20 am, as the frigate was approaching the village of San-Chaing-ying, another Communist battery opened fire. This time their intentions were brutally clear. As the first shell screamed overhead *Amethyst's* crew scambled to Action Stations and, responding to the tinkling bells of the telegraph repeaters, her 4,300 SHP Parsons' turbines whined to full power. Moments later a second projectile struck the wheelhouse and detonated with a thunderous crash. Chief Petty Officer Rosslyn Nicholls crumpled to the deck, and Leading Seaman Leslie Frank hurriedly centred the wheel to bring the ship back on course before dragging the bleeding Coxswain to safety. He then tried to call the bridge by telephone, but the line was ominously dead. The shuddering impact of two more direct hits nearly threw Frank off his feet, but he ignored the smoke and confusion of the explosions and carefully checked the steering against the magnetic compass — the gyro-repeater had already been knocked out — before leaving the shattered wheelhouse to seek out an officer for instructions.

He found the bridge in a complete shambles with bodies sprawled grotesquely in all directions. Virtually every man had been killed or wounded

turn to page 26

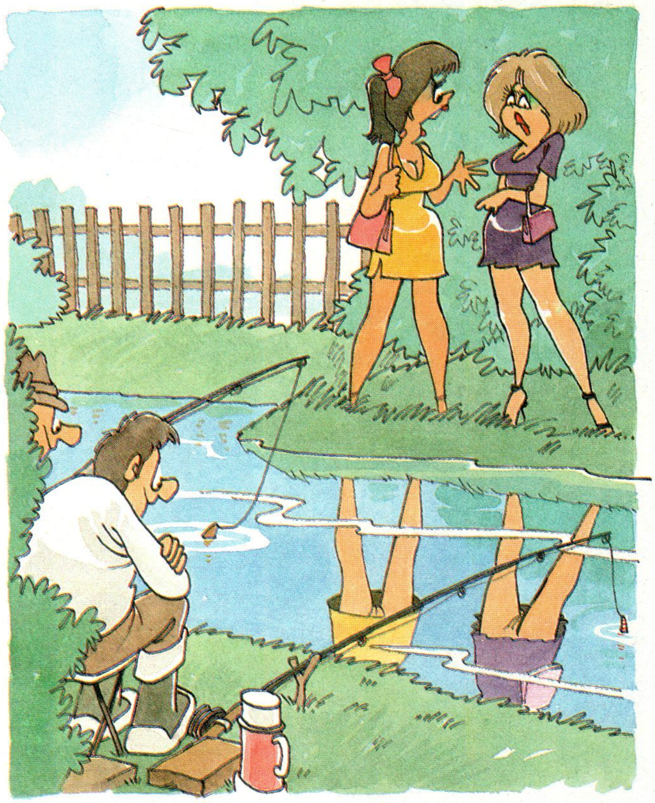
Lieutenant-Commander John Kerans, who master-minded the Amethyst's escape.

Showing the scars of 75mm and 105mm shells fired at point blank range, the frigate Amethyst *recovers from its 100 day ordeal.*

'I wonder what bait he's using?'

COARSER FISHING

Why is angling one of Britain's most popular sports? Cartoonist Anthony casts about and comes up with an answer



'I don't know what they find so fascinating about sitting on a river bank all day.'

'It's going to be a big one, Janet, grab my tackle.'

'I'm teaching her how to tie flies . . .'

'It must be some kind of record, landing a couple that big on this stretch of water.'

'That's the first nibble I've had here in weeks.'

'But you should have seen the one that got away.'

continued from page 22

and Lt-Cdr Skinner, the frigate's skipper, was lying in a corner bleeding profusely and barely conscious. Two other officers, three ratings, and one of the Chinese pilots, were still alive but all were badly hurt and an acrid tang of burnt cordite mingled with the sickly smell of freshly spilled blood.

Despite a painful wound in his chest the First Lieutenant, Geoffrey Weston, had taken over command of the frigate from the mortally wounded captain and, in obedience to Skinner's last conscious instruction, he ordered *Amethyst's* guns to return fire. But his efforts to prevent the vessel from running aground by going astern were less successul. The starboard engine room telegraph was jammed and all voice communication systems linking the bridge to the engine room had been destroyed.

Realising the danger, Leading Seaman Frank ran back into the wheelhouse to try and steer the ship into mid-channel. But *Amethyst* was now completely out of control, and she slithered to an abrupt standstill as her bows ploughed into the muddy western shore of Rose Island. Her predicament brought no respite from the hidden batteries and the Communist guns continued to pound her with 75mm and 105mm shells. The ship itself was like a charnel house with blood running across the decks into the scuppers. The dead were left where they had fallen, and all efforts concentrated on the wounded, who were half dragged and half carried below, where Petty Officer Heath did his best to administer first aid and morphine.

Amethyst ran aground at 9.35 am — just fifteen minutes after the guns had opened fire — and many found it difficult to believe that so much carnage and destruction was possible in such a short space of time. Below decks the ship's doctor, Surgeon-Lieutenant Alderton, aided by his medical staff and NAAFI canteen manager, was hard at work dealing with the casualties, but they got off to an unfortunate start when one of the first shells exploded in the Sick Bay, killing the junior member of the team, Boy Seaman Maurice Barnbrook. And, as the relentless

FRIGATE UNDER FIRE:
HMS AMETHYST'S 100 DAYS OF HELL

bombardment continued, the casualty roll mounted with alarming rapidity.

The rating standing at the Port engine room telegraph was mortally wounded and died in the arms of his friend an hour later; Leading Seaman Cyril Williams lost both feet; Stoker Mechanic Paddy Bannister was struck by a shell splinter that lodged against his windpipe; and Signalman Roberts lost an eye. Many others suffered injuries that left them maimed for life. In all 17 men were killed in action, and a further two died of their wounds later.

At 9.40 am Weston managed to get off an *en clair* radio signal: *Under heavy fire. Am aground in approx position 31·10' North 119·50' East. Large number of casualties.* Then a Communist shell exploded in the low-power room and all communication with the outside world ceased abruptly. Another scored a hit on X turret knocking out the guns, killing two men and wounding three more. Although the frigate was no longer able to defend herself, the merciless shelling continued unabated, while a volunteer rescue party, braving a hail of red-hot splinters and led by Leslie Frank, evacuated the wounded men from the bridge and wheelhouse and took them to the relative safety of the after mess deck.

The ship had now been under fire for more than twenty minutes but, refusing to give best to the enemy, several unwounded members of the crew took up sniping positions on the upper deck, and tried to fight back with rifles and Bren-guns. But, despite their gallant efforts, there was no let up in the slaughter and the *Amethyst's* superstructure resembled a battered and blackened kitchen colander. One shell killed the ship's doctor, Lieutenant Alderton, while he was trying to reach a wounded officer trapped in the aft section, and nearly every projectile that struck the frigate claimed fresh victims.

The enemy now brought up heavy machine guns to supplement the artillery, and, as their large calibre bullets swept the exposed decks, Weston realised that the bulk of the crew would have to be evacuated if further casualties were to be avoided. While Petty Officer Freeman and Leslie Frank rigged a towing hawser in the stern in readiness for the *Consort's* expected arrival, every man who could swim was ordered over the side, while non-swimmers and walking-wounded were told to get across to the island in the whaler — the only one of the ship's boats that was still undamaged.

A total of 59 ratings and four Chinese mess boys succeeded in reaching the mudflats and towering bamboo reeds of Rose Island, and several hours later, thanks to the assistance of some Chinese peasants in sampans, they finally arrived on the south bank of the river, where Nationalist soldiers were waiting to help them. There was no slackening in the enemy's fire even while the *Amethyst's* men were struggling to reach safety, and several members of the crew were cut down and killed in the water before they could escape. Once ashore the scattered parties of survivors were gradually rounded up, and by the late afternoon they were assembled in the village of Fang-lo-ching under the watchful eye of Petty Officer David Heath. After a roll call the wounded were taken to a Chinese army hospital, and the following morning military trucks transported the remaining men to the railways where, in a coach supplied by Lieutenent-General Pai, they returned to Shanghi little the worse for their terrible ordeal.

On board *Amethyst* the atmosphere was tense. Although the shelling had finally ceased, machine gun bullets continued to rake the decks whenever there was any sign of movement and, in addition to the 17 dead, there were some 25 wounded crewmen sheltering below. The frigate had been hit more than 50 times, and during the morning the unwounded men did their best to patch up the damage and succour their injured shipmates. Skinner, *Amethyst's* captain, lapsed into bouts of unconsciousness interspersed with delirium, while one of the Chinese pilots, who had had half of his head shot away, was so frantic with pain that he tried to commit suicide by swallowing his tongue.

Just before 2.30 in the afternoon two Nationalist aircraft appeared overhead, and proceeded to strafe the Communist gun positions with tracer and cannon fire. A few minutes later, the destroyer *Consort* was sighted coming down river at a full 29 knots — the highest speed ever recorded on the Yangtze. With seven White Ensigns and three Union Jacks streaming from her halyards and black smoke belching from her funnel, she was a splendid sight and, as she came under fire from the shore batteries at Tan Tu Reach, her guns replied to the challenge without hesitation. Coming abreast of San-Chiang-yin, her main armament knocked out three enemy guns and, as she closed with the grounded frigate, urgent signals were exchanged. *Consort's* captain, Commander Robertson, wanted to take the *Amethyst* in tow, but Weston, realising that if the destroyer stopped she would become a sitting target, replied stoutly: *Not until enemy guns silenced.* The destroyer acknowledged the message and, sweeping past at speed, finally came to a halt half a mile downriver. Turning around, Robertson began to return to the assistance of the frigate, but quickly

turn to page 38

The conclusion of the Amethyst's *dash to freedom: she is cheered by ratings as she rejoins the Navy's China Squadron in the estuary of the River Yangtze.*

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Presenting Page Three girl

TRACY NEVE *nude*

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

It's our avowed aim to bring you the best and brightest of *Sun* birds, not to mention the most glittering girls from the *Star*, and gorgeous Tracy Jane Neve scores on both counts. The popular Page Three — and Page Seven — model has been high on the list of readers' most requested girls since she first began modelling two years ago. Tracy's nude debut in Vol 21 No 5 — a *Mayfair* exclusive — only whetted your appetite, and your letters suggested that a fresh look at her spectacular 36D-24-35 figure was long overdue. Tracy, who hails from Warlingham in Surrey, is about to celebrate her 22nd birthday. It's been a

mixed year for the Page Three favourite. Her career has leapt on apace. Following in the musical footsteps of fellow topless model Samantha Fox, Tracy has cut her first single with Forbidden, a group she formed with fellow *Sun*birds Karen Kelly and Sammi Cooper. She's also sung with the group The Banned.

But Tracy's personal life has been less happy. In May she broke down in court when her haulage contractor father, Leonard, was gaoled for five years on charges of forgery and deception. Tracy has worked hard to recover from the blow, and she is now one of the most popular of the *Star's* Glamour Girl phone-ins. Callers are regaled with tales of hair-raising exploits on a favourite trail bike on family holidays in Spain, and modelling trips to Morocco and the USA. But, as a graduate of the Italia Conti stage school, Tracy's ultimate ambition is to be a successful actress. We're sure it's only a matter of time.

Vertical canoeing is the newest and most dangerous development in sport canoeing, as Gilles Lelievre shows

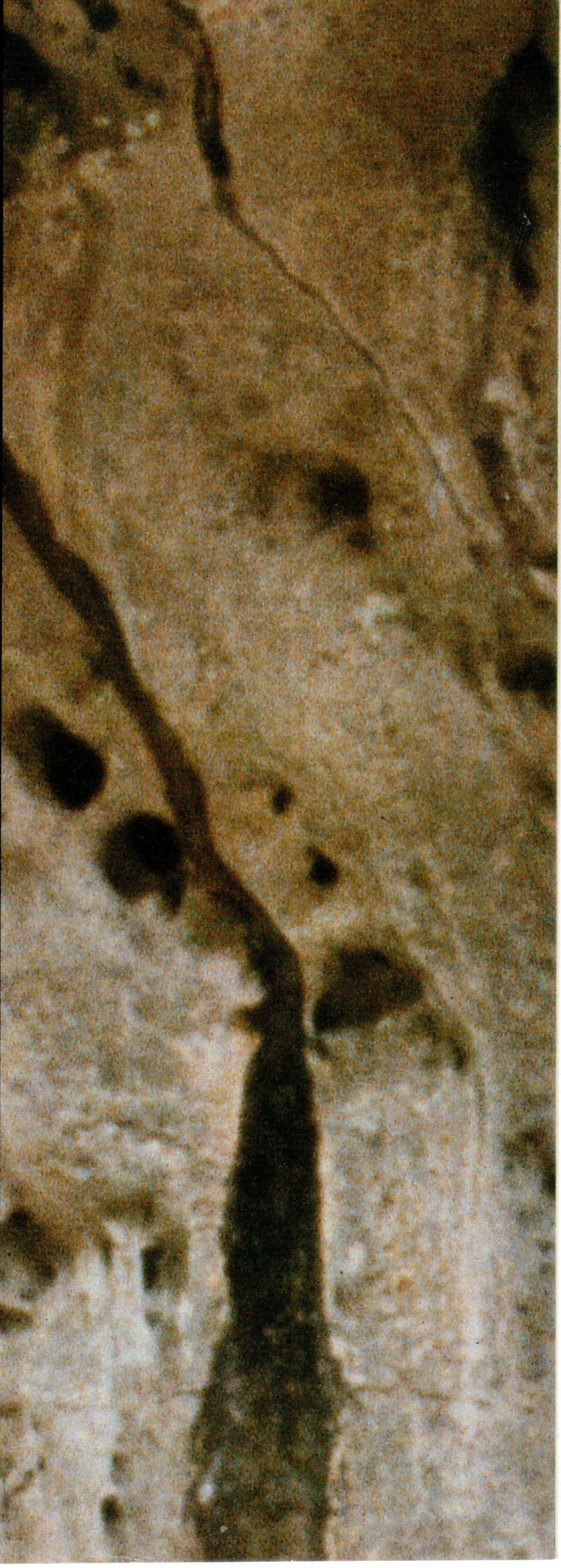
TRICKY? NO IT'S A PIECE OF KAYAK

Until very recently the most hazardous forms of canoeing were wild water racing and expedition canoeing — exploring the wilder and more remote waterways of the world; only last summer a team canoed down the icy streams of Everest, having ascended by microlight. But today an even more dangerous variety of canoe activity has appeared. Called variously 'water fall launching' or 'water fall shooting' — it's so new no widely accepted term yet exists — it consists of piloting a canoe down a clear, perpendicular drop: in effect, flying the craft vertically.

Apart from a certain disregard for personal safety, it demands the highest canoeing expertise, perfect timing and an acrobat's sense of balance. One of the world's foremost exponents is French canoeist Gilles Lelievre.

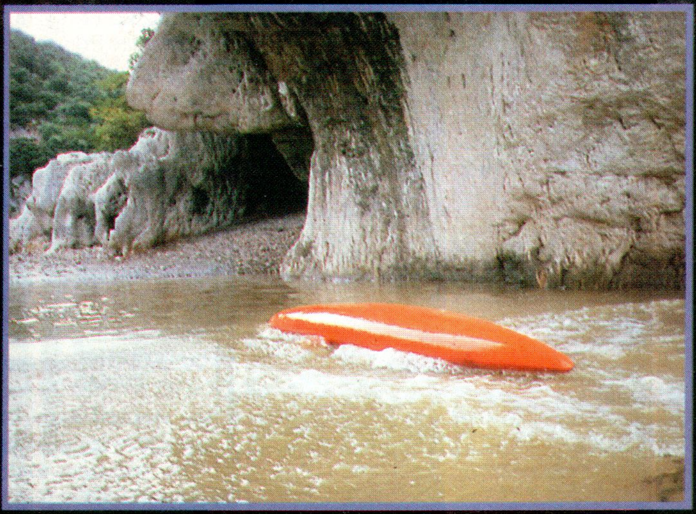
In our pictures he demonstrates his highly individual variation of the skill in the spectacular Ardèche gorge in southern France. Here, for some 20 miles, the turbulent river Ardèche churns its way between towering limestone cliffs, up to 1000 feet high in places. It is France's fastest-flowing river and features some magnificent rapids, but there are quieter stretches, too, particularly at the upper end, near the town of Vallon-Pont-d'Arc. It was at one of these that Gilles Lelievre found a unique opening in the cliffside, a tunnel in the limestone opening directly above the water, and just large enough to accommodate his canoe and himself. Entering from above, he was able to launch himself through nineteen and a half foot of clear air before plunging nose first into the Ardeche. Had he deviated more than a fraction of a degree from the perpendicular at the moment of entering the water, the whiplash effect of the impact could have resulted in severe spinal damage.

It's a point that worries Britain's canoeing



authorities. 'We're at the stage where parascending was a few years ago,' says Peter Ingram, the British Canoe Union's information officer. 'It looks exciting and spectacular, and youngsters might be tempted to try it, but in fact it is only safe for the most experienced of canoeists, and always with the most stringent safety precautions. Only last year a very experienced British member died when he attempted to canoe over a seven foot waterfall on the River Oykell in Scotland. We don't encourage it.'

Can such a manoeuvre ever be more than a spectacular stunt for the reckless or the expert who has mastered everything else? Yesterday's stunts have a habit or becoming the sporting standards of tomorrow. Canoeing could well be set for an exciting new future as a spectator sport.



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FRIGATE UNDER FIRE:

HMS AMETHYST's 100 DAYS OF HELL

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became embroiled in another battle with the shore batteries, which had now been reinforced by a number of 37mm anti-tank guns — ideal weapons against a lightly armoured warship. Shells exploded on the bridge and wheelhouse, wounding her captain and disabling the steering, while others knocked out her two forward gun turrets. In the course of her duel with the People's Liberation Army *Consort* sustained 56 direct hits and lost ten men dead, with three more seriously wounded.

Forced to accept defeat, and too badly damaged to continue the action, she turned away and set off downriver for Woosung. She was no match for the overwhelmingly powerful shore batteries, and with her departure went the hopes of *Amethyst's* survivors.

The frigate's signal had also been picked up in Shanghi and, having decided to stage his own rescue operation, the Second-in-Command of the China Station, Vice-Admiral Madden, weighed anchor and led the 10,889-ton cruiser *London* and the frigate *Black Swan* up river at dawn on the 21st. A few hours later, at 7.25 am, a Sunderland flying boat carrying medical supplies, a Royal Navy doctor and an RAF Medical Officer, Flight Lieutenant Michael Fearnley, took off from Kai Tak in Hong Kong at the beginning of the long flight to Rose Island.

In the meanwhile Weston and the men of *Amethyst* had not been idle. By 10.30 pm on Wednesday an Electrical Artificer had restored power, and a signal was flashed to Madden confirming that the ship was still aground, but advising him that it was intended to refloat her before midnight. The first attempt to get her off the mud ended in failure, however, and it was decided to lighten the ship by throwing surplus equipment overboard and pumping out the for'ard fuel tanks to raise the bows. The next attempt at 1.15 am proved successful, despite heavy rifle fire from the shore and, moving slowly without lights, *Amethyst* was taken two miles up river and anchored some 500 yards off the southern bank, where she was safe from the main Communist batteries.

Nevertheless their situation was becoming increasingly desperate, and medical assistance was urgently needed for casualties. Even Weston, who had taken over command from the mortally wounded Skinner, had pieces of shrapnel in his lungs and liver, but dosed with morphia to kill the pain and benzedrine to remain awake, he refused to give in.

Madden's two ships approached the battle zone soon after 11.30 am, but they, too, came under heavy fire from the batteries hidden in the reeds at Bate Point and dug-in on Beaver Island. *London's* eight-inch guns replied, but it proved impossible to locate the cleverly concealed enemy emplacements and the 256-pound high-explosive shells did little apparent harm. By contrast, the massive bulk of the cruiser made her an unmissable target and, restricted to the narrow deep-water channel, she was virtually a sitting duck. With 15 men dead and another 17 wounded — the latter including the flagship's Commanding Officer, Captain Cazalet — Admiral Madden was forced to retreat before his ships suffered the same fate as the *Amethyst*. As he steamed away he signalled: *Am sorry we cannot help you today. We shall keep on trying.* The message sounded optimistic, but the Admiral knew that the promise in the second sentence was little more than wishful thinking.

Some short while later the Sunderland flying boat which had left Hong Kong that morning arrived overhead at the end of its five-hour flight, but Madden, now thoroughly alive to the dangers inherent in the present flash-point situation, ordered the pilot not to land and instructed him to fly to Shanghi for refuelling.

The departure of the Sunderland was a bitter disappointment, but it spurred Weston into seeking help from the Nationalists, and during the afternoon a Chinese Army doctor, Chu Wei, came aboad to tend to the wounded although, without drugs or anaesthetics, there was little he could do beyond renewing the dressings. Fortunately, the RAF did not give up easily and at 3.30 that afternoon the flying boat, with its much-needed medical team and supplies, took off from the Whang Poo river in a glittering cloud of silver spray and headed, once again, for the trapped frigate.

The aircraft arrived over Tan-Tu Reach some 30 minutes later and, as the situation now seemed more peaceful, Flight Lieutenant Letford took a chance and, bringing the machine down on the river, he taxied towards the *Amethyst*. A sampan carrying the frigate's Gunner, Monaghan, came alongside and Fearnley, the RAF Medical Officer, jumped down into the little boat carrying a haversack full of drugs and essential surgical supplies.

The bare-faced audacity of the landing caught the Communists off balance, but they recovered quickly and opened fire on the Sunderland with disconcerting accuracy. In the confusion that followed the panic-stricken fishermen pushed the sampan clear of the aircraft and Monaghan and the naval doctor, who were sorting stores, were left marooned in the plane's cargo hold. With shells exploding in all directions Letford could not afford to loiter and, turning the Sunderland into wind, he opened the throttles and hauled the giant flying boat into the air with the two involuntary passengers still aboard.

Finding himself alone in the sampan with the terrified fishermen, and unable to speak a single work of Chinese, Fearnley solved the problem by producing a fearsome-looking Service revolver. The fishermen got the message and took him across to the anchored frigate without further argument. Weston, who had witnessed the entire episode from the bridge, seemed slightly bemused as the young RAF medic climbed over the side. 'Good God,' he exclaimed increduously. 'Doesn't the Navy have any doctors left?'

Once abord Fearnley wasted no time. Conditions were, in his own words, 'lamentable' and the general situation 'like a front-line dressing station'. Several of the casualties were in urgent need of amputations — others, sadly, were too far gone to save. As he got down to work he sent the Chinese doctor ashore to arrange for the evacuation of the wounded. In the interim Weston moved the *Amethyst* into the shelter of Hsiao-Ho Creek, while volunteers recovered the bodies of the dead and carried them to the after

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LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government

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Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

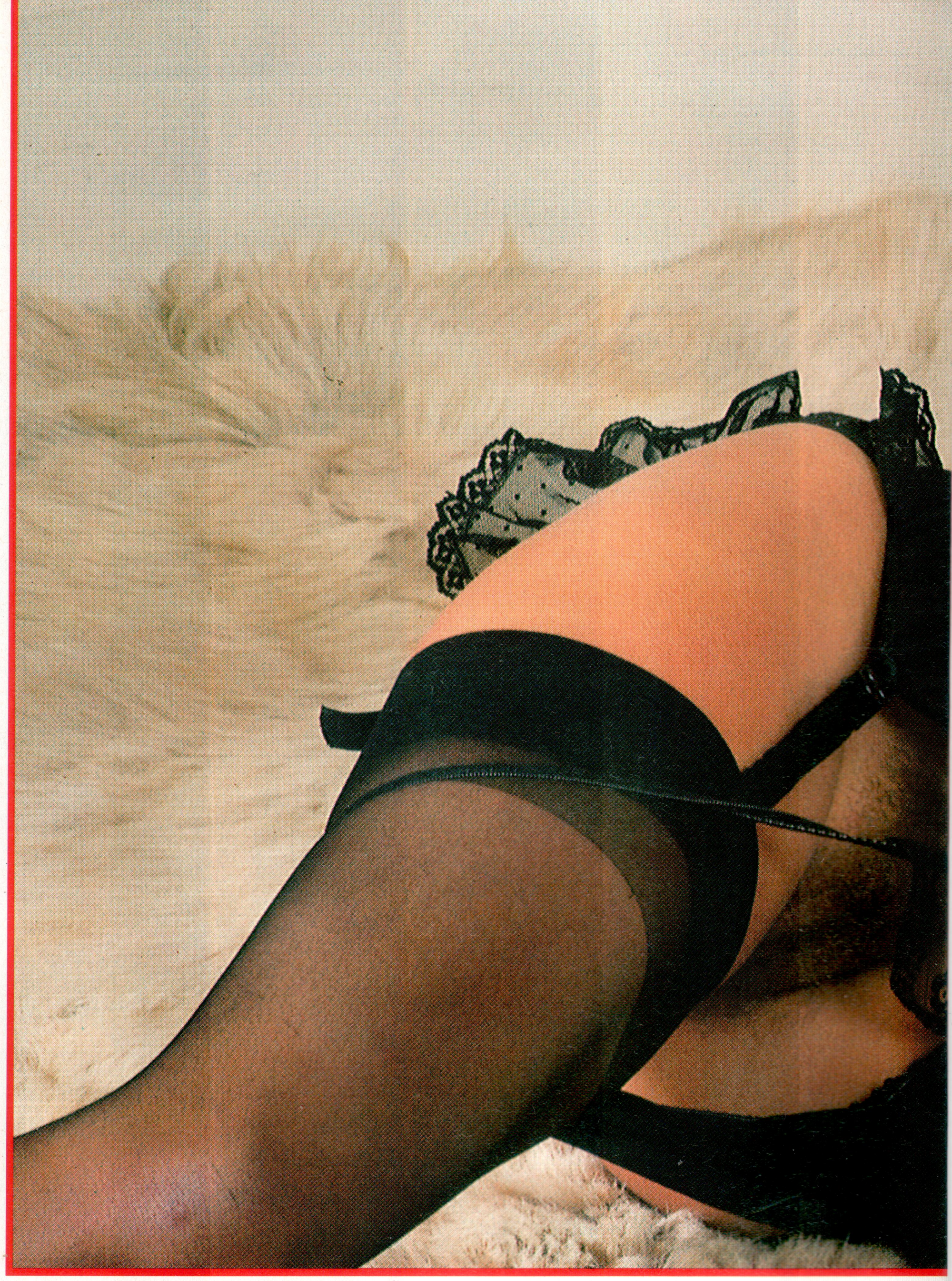
GAIL *force*

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JOHN ALLUM

The girl who's taking the world by storm

When Gail Thackray parachuted on to the pages of our *Girls of Summer* special issue, she whipped up a cyclone of excitement among readers. Fans of the Leeds-born beauty, now based in Los Angeles, wrote in from both sides of the Atlantic demanding we show more of the 20-year-old's 35-22-35 figure — 'preferably,' as one Statesider put it, 'wearing your great British undies and stockings.'

Gail is one of *Mayfair's* most successful girls. Leaving school with four 'A' levels determined to be a vet, she turned instead to modelling. *Page Three* appearances followed, then her first trip to the US. She fell in love with California, and immediately set about trying to get hold of a 'green card', the elusive work permit needed to make a career in American films, TV and modelling.



Now, we're pleased to say, that her green card is almost a certainty, and she expects to nip back to Britain to pick it up soon. In the meantime, Gail has already appeared on TV and film including the *Playboy* cable channel. She can be seen skydiving in an advertisement for an insurance company (Gail is a qualified parachuting instructress), and had a messy role in a comedy film. She told her mother, 'I get hit with custard pies, smeared with pizzas, and thrown in the pool, *and* I'm getting paid for it.' Sadly though this means that we will see less of Gail over here. And that could cause a storm of protest in Britain.

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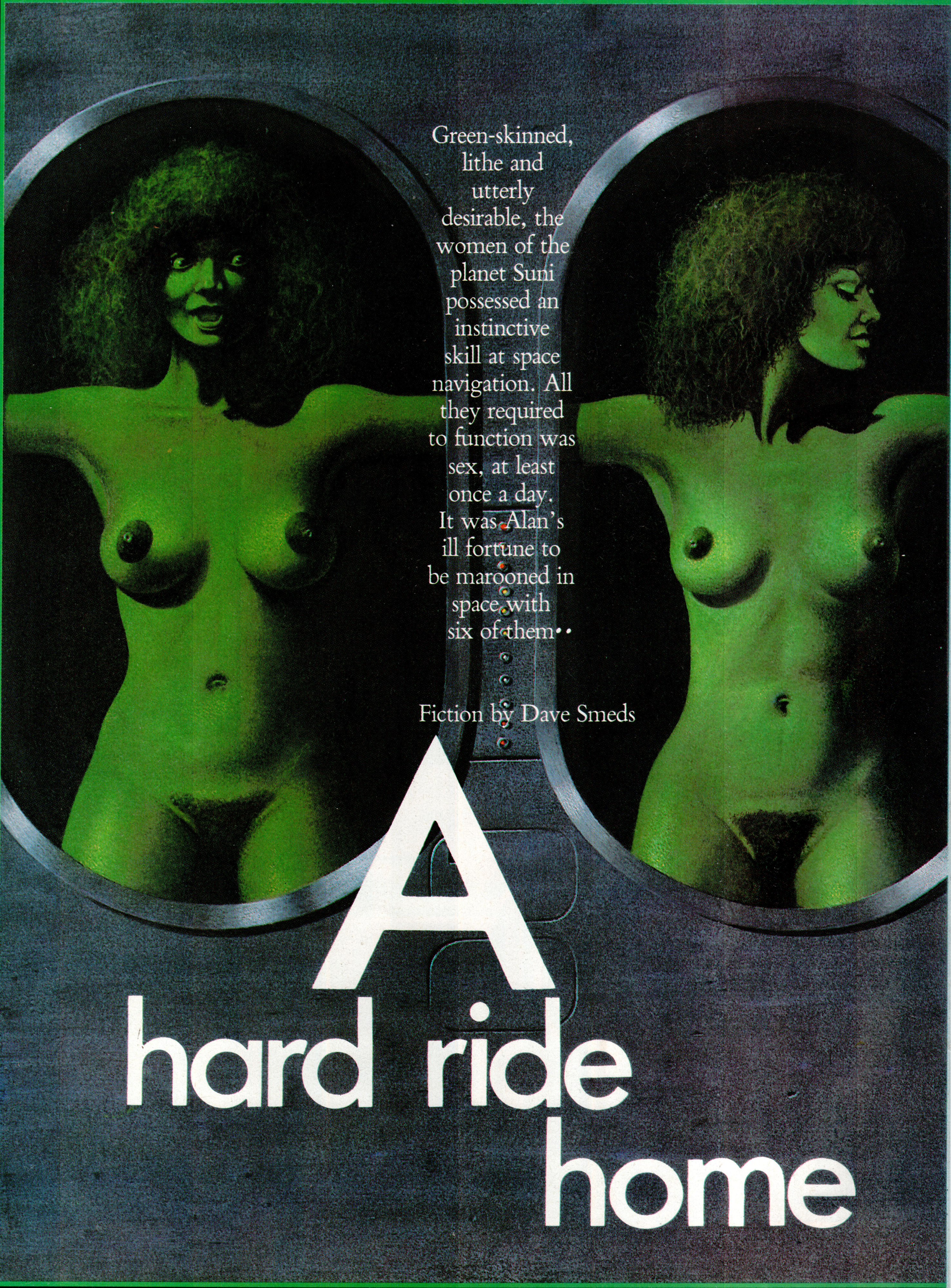
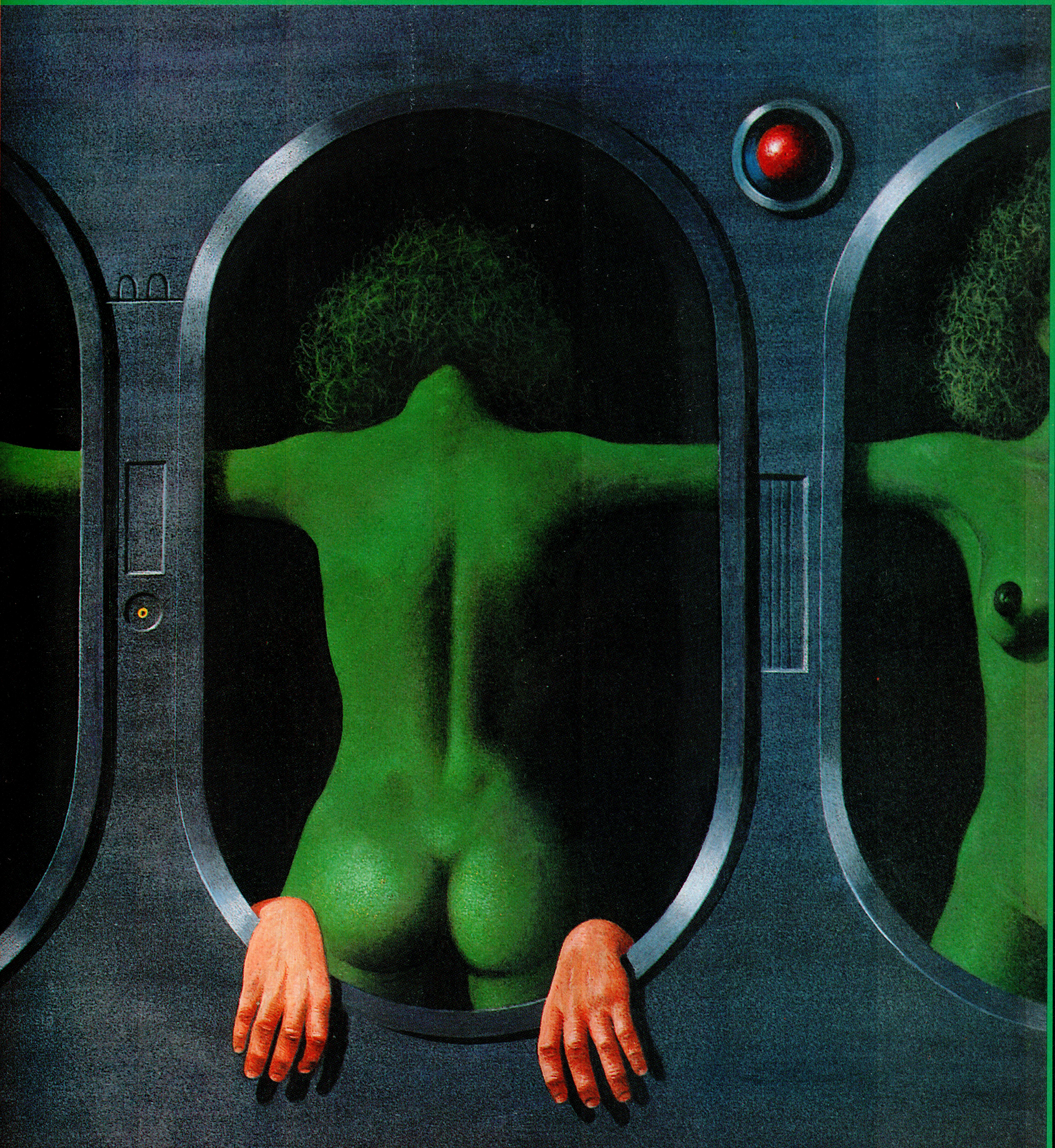


Green-skinned, lithe and utterly desirable, the women of the planet Suni possessed an instinctive skill at space navigation. All they required to function was sex, at least once a day. It was Alan's ill fortune to be marooned in space with six of them••

Fiction by Dave Smeds

A hard ride home



Alan woke to soft purrs of sound — both from the ventilation system, and from the warm, female body beside him. The digital display in the far wall told him it was only half way through his sleep period.

Something was different about the ship.

He unbuckled the restraining strap and pushed off the bed. Unexpectedly, he settled back onto the mattress. Suddenly he knew what had awakened him. Gravity.

It was subtle, perhaps a twentieth of a gee, but compared to none at all for the past three weeks, he was surprised he hadn't noticed immediately. He glanced fleetingly at the woman next to him, smelled her pleasant, after-sex musk, and slipped from the bed without waking her.

A few doors down, he entered the navigation centre, and found techno Kuei and navigator Tarla crouched awkwardly among a pile of charred and/or disassembled consoles, picking up a bank of relays. Everything had settled chaotically to the floor under the return of gravity. Both women were naked except for utility belts, slim beauties with pale green skin and dark green hair. Perspiration, grease, and weariness marked their faces.

'Hi, Alan,' Tarla warbled. She seemed barely able to make the effort to speak. Kuei nodded perfunctorily, as she checked her jury-rigged motion sensors. 'It's only a push, but it's something. I didn't want to give us any more spin with the ship in this shape.' She unplugged the puter terminal from the socket in her neck. 'We'll get to the climate control next,' Tarla promised.

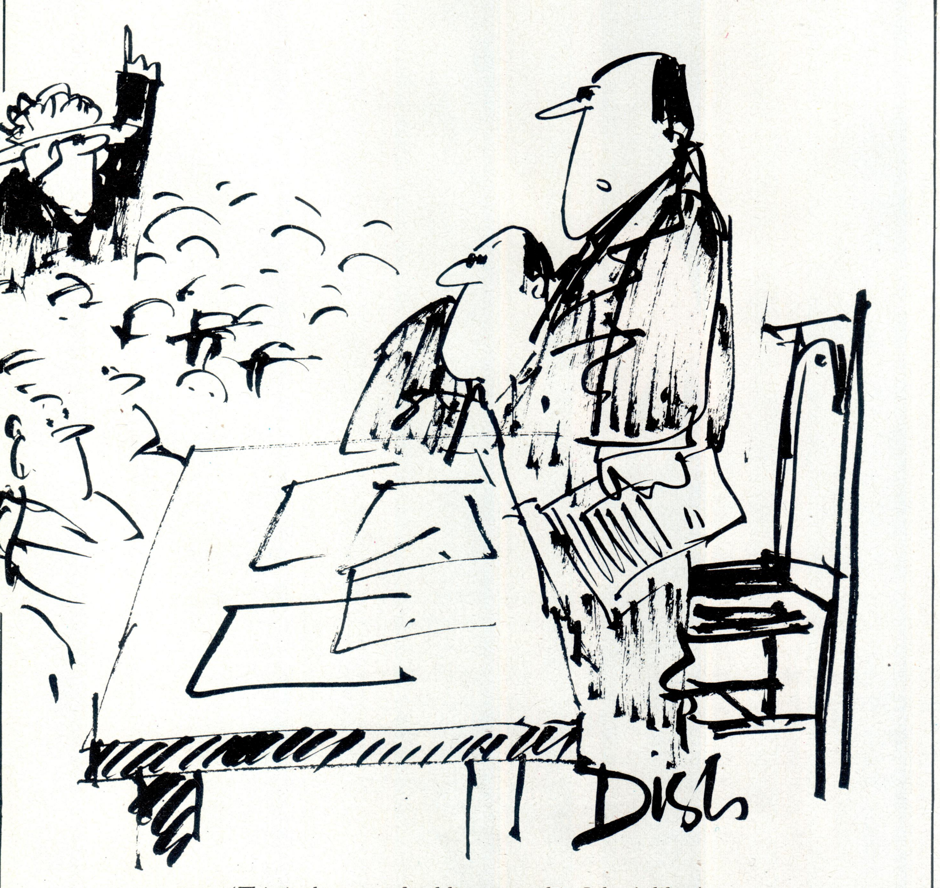
It was still tropical. He didn't mind that so much,

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMES

now that they were no longer weightless, and his genitals no longer floated in strange, disconcerting patterns. As for the women, they had proper breasts again, rather than things that waved in front of them like water balloons.
'You're doing a fine job,' he said sincerely.
They brightened at his compliment, and left what they were doing. He knew he was in trouble. Already he could smell their aphrodisiac fragrance, and feel its effect. Kuei knelt down in front of him, while Tarla waited her turn, her hunger so intense it was almost frightening. Alan reconciled himself; it would be a while before he got back to sleep.
He was holding his chapped cock in one hand as he stumbled into the sick bay. Laura looked at him sympathetically.
'God, won't they even let you sleep?' she asked.
He shook his head weakly. 'I don't know if I can survive this, doc.'
She handed him a packet of nutrient concentrate and made him swallow it, checking his pupil dilation and pulse.
'You're doing okay so far. Just make sure you get plenty of rest, young man.'
'Young man' was her favourite expression. In reality Laura wasn't quite as old as he. Both were just turning thirty.
'I was on my way back to bed,' he replied. 'I just wanted to check on *him*.'
He pointed to the far side of the room. Inside the plexiglas casket of one of the med recuperation units, they could see the unconscious figure of the ship's commander, Ray Feldon. He was bathed in the yellow glow of the tissue regenerator, his normally robust body distressingly corpse-like, save for the rhythmic rise and fall of

his chest. One of his arms was secured with a splint, and huge scars criss-crossed his torso, but even at this distance Alan could see the improvement from the evening before.
Incredible machines, those regenerators. If the other crew members could have hung on for a few hours, they could have been saved, too. As it was, there had been no chance. Explosive decompression does nasty, irreparable things to people.
The entire combat section, with the miraculous exception of Feldon, had been wiped out in the attack. Only the support personnel, in the better protected areas like this sick bay, had come through unscathed. There had been just enough of them to patch together the ship before it became uninhabitable.
It was still serious. They had destroyed the enemy craft, but they were deep inside hostile territory. They didn't dare call for help, even if they could manage to unfry the long-range communications equipment. The wrong people might overhear, and beat the rescuers to the site. The ship had to get out under its own power — difficult when the engines didn't work.
Until Feldon recovered it was up to one man and seven women. Except six of those women were not human, and that was a difficult problem.
'At least another day,' Laura said, waving at the regenerator.
'Oh, Jesus,' he moaned. She kneaded his tense shoulders, her hands warm, her masseuse skills excellent. He relaxed a bit. 'At least *you* can do without it,' he signed gratefully.
'Well, for a while, at least,' she murmured, and he detected something firmly sexual in her tone. But, thank God, she wasn't going to push it. He looked her over. She was short and firm, distinctly attractive, with skin tone and hair colour that mixed the best of southern Mediterranean features with a hint of African. Despite the fact that she was his direct supervisor, if he had been in a position to choose just one woman aboard the ship, Laura would have been the one. He didn't have that luxury, however.
'See you in a few hours,' he said, and left.
This time he woke to the sensation of his erection sliding into a moist, deliciously tight pussy. It was J'ann. Alan had to hand it to Suni women. Nature had outdone itself when it made the species. They were love goddesses. Stunning figures; perfect tastes and scents; instantaneous, enthusiastic erotic responses. The fact that most of the females on board had been Suni was an indication of just how important a ship *Valiant* was. He had been ecstatic to be assigned to her medical staff.
J'ann was the best of all. She pumped him from on top, driving him swiftly to the brink of orgasm. When he thought he couldn't hold out any longer, she began pounding harder and faster, ramming him into her, making him throb and swell and pant, but staving off the ejaculation. When he adjusted to that rhythm and started to come again, she suddenly slowed down, rising each time so far off that the very tip of his cock would peek out between the folds of her labia, then, many seconds later, impaling herself so deeply that their pubic hair merged together. She always knew what timing would work. 'You like this, I can tell,' she said.
He didn't bother to answer. He was too busy breathing. She adopted a new tactic. Each time she rose off, she would reach down, grasp his prick securely, stroke a few times, then slip it back in. The combination of soft, wet tissues versus firm palm made stars dance in front of his eyes. Only when he had forgotten how to inhale did she put him out of his misery, switching during the last few moments to mouth-and-hand. He shot deep into her throat. She swallowed it with small, pleased murmurs, at the same time massaging his shaft with her tongue. Her lips were deep green from the friction. Delicate beads of sweat hung gem-like between her breasts. Even while lost in his own rapture, he saw the change in her expression — that deep, fulfilled look a Suni assumes when it has found the sustenance it needs. She would be fine now; she might even last all day. That meant he only had the other five to worry about.
Laura was off on her own sleep shift when Alan arrived to check on Feldon. He swung the med sensor out from the wall niche, set it up next to the regenerator, plugged himself in, and activated the scans. The interface took hold with a familiar tingle, bringing with it the calm, soothing logic of the putermind. On the screen before him he saw a shimmering outline of Feldon's body, coded in brilliant colours that would be an unintelligible miasma to anyone

turn to page 74

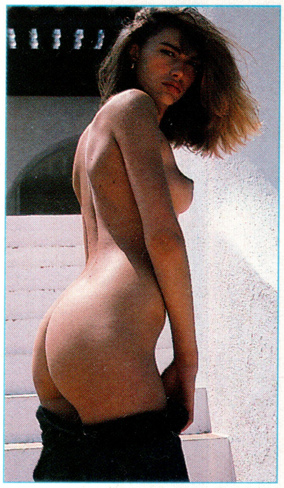


'This is the part of public ownership I don't like.'

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JOHN
PATRICK BURGESS

PHOEBE

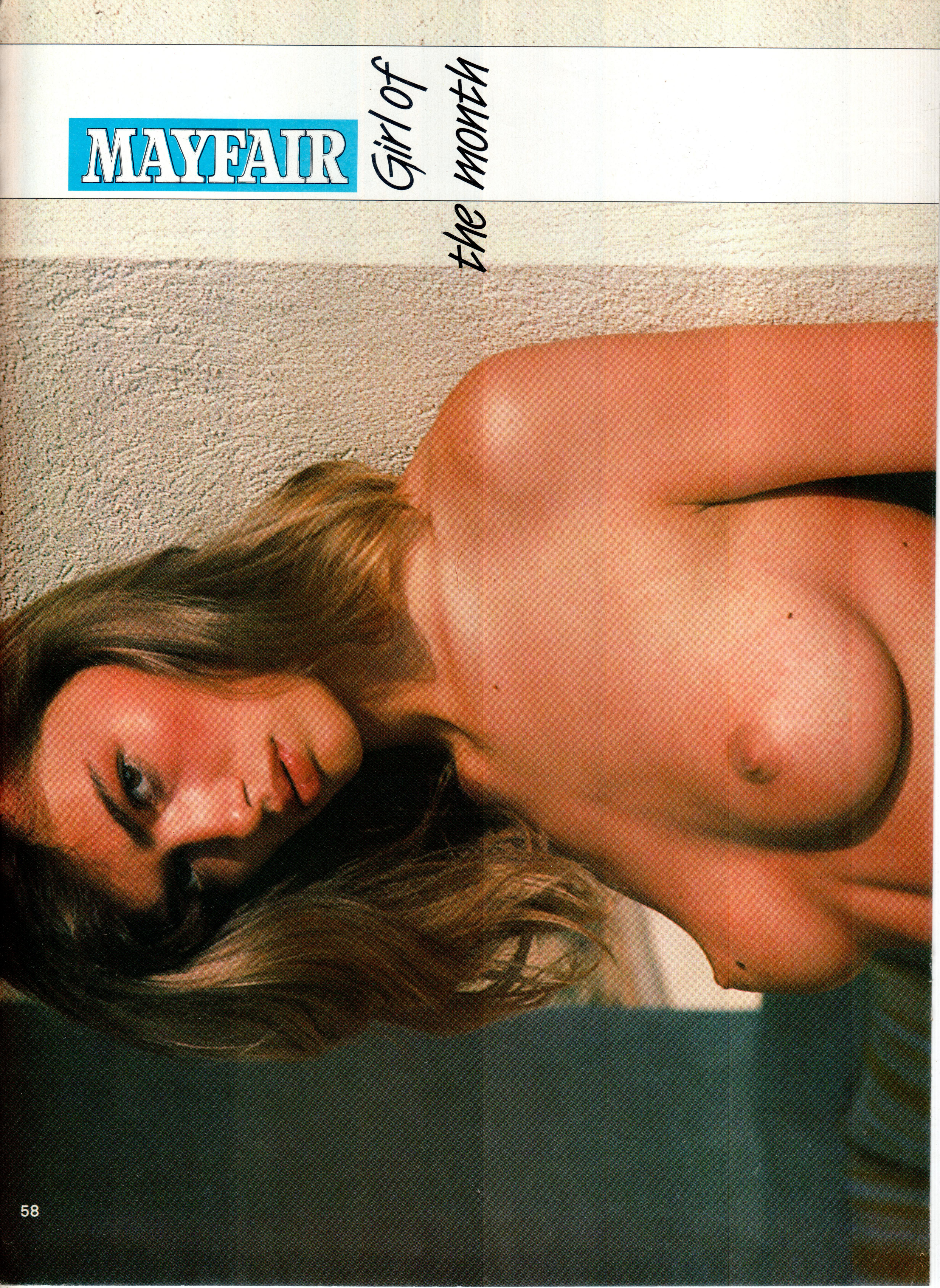
Where would you rather be, slaving over a hot computer console in a steamy English summer, or languishing beside a Mediterranean pool, only rising to stretch the odd limb at the polite request of a hard-working photographer? Yes, 19-year-old Phoebe Young thought so too, and her looks and 34-23-34 figure soon made it all possible.



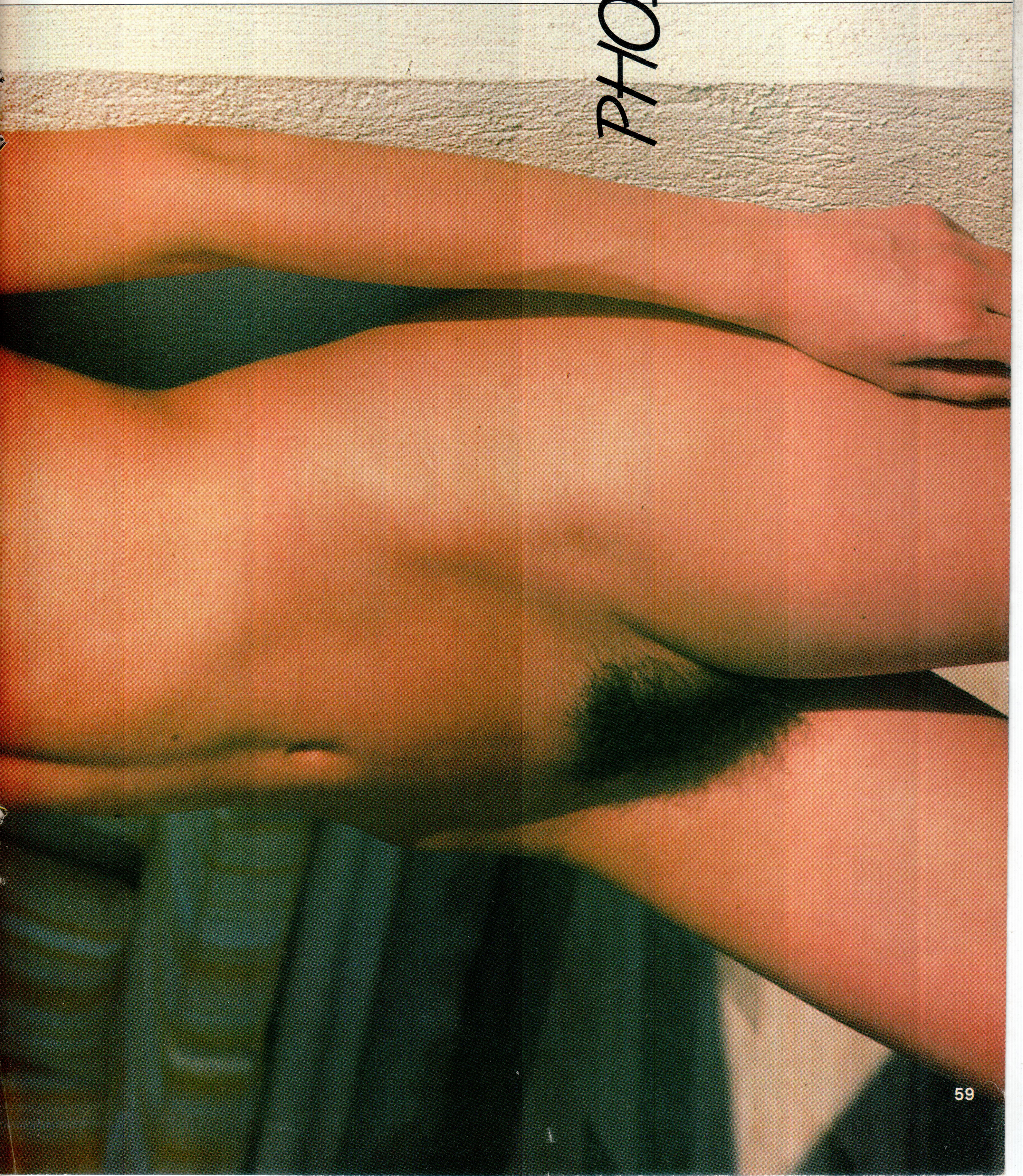
Nottingham-born Phoebe is currently a full time student, taking computer studies at a polytechnic 'somewhere in the south of England.' Living on a grant, especially in the South, is not easy. 'So,' she says, 'I decided to realise my assets! I know several students who are kiss-o-gram girls, and even one stripper.'

She enjoyed her brief sojourn in the sun. 'The villa we used overlooked the sea. Knowing that anyone with binoculars could have seen me was quite a turn-on.' Meanwhile she's considering modelling as a career. 'It's much less strain on my eyes than staring at a VDU all day — though I might strain somebody else's!'

MAYFAIR Girl of the month



PHOEBE YOUNG



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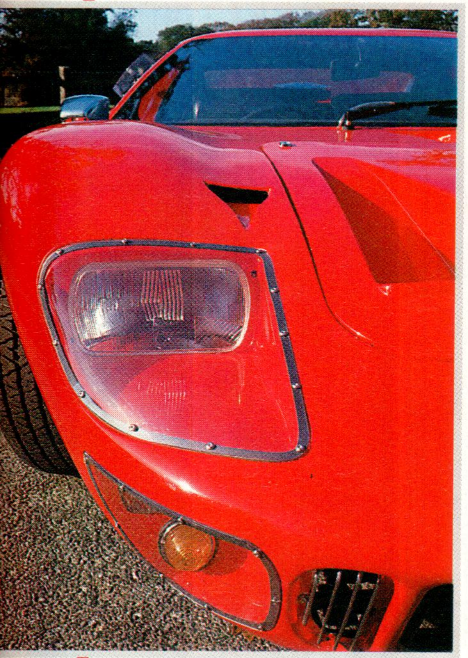
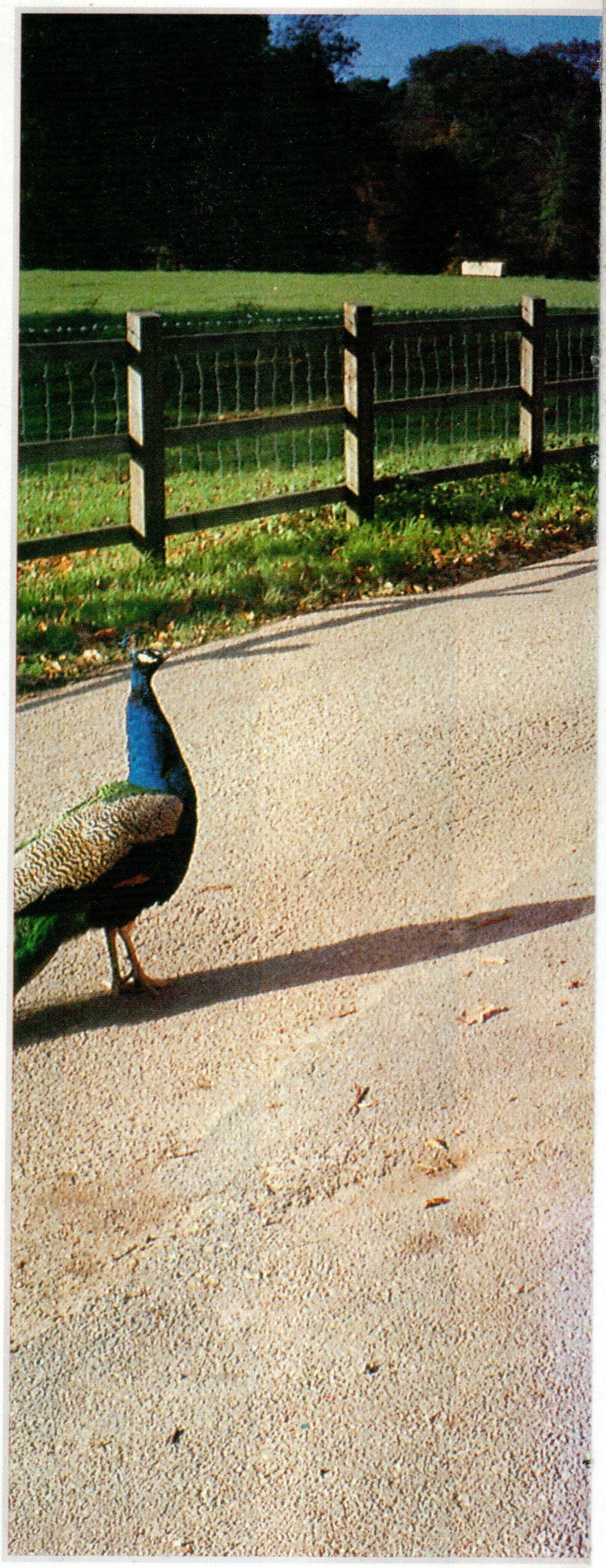




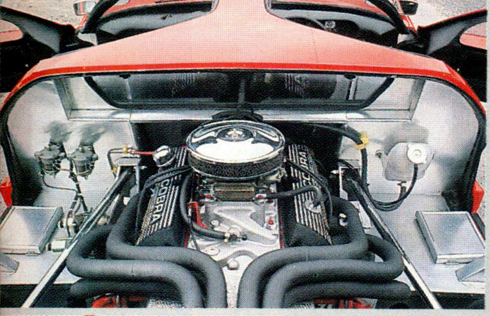
FORD GT OR NOT GT? THAT IS THE QUESTION

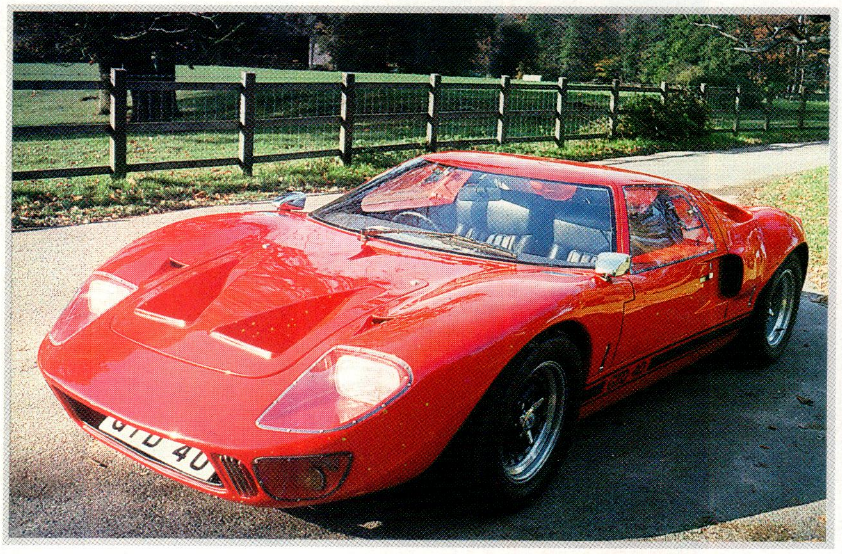
A real Ford GT40, a common sight at Le Mans in the '60s.

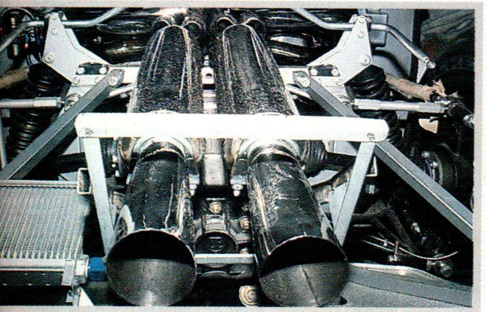
The GT40 was Ford's successful sports racing car of the 1960s, and today a poor example costs £90,000. However, the GTD40, a replica from GT Developments, comes complete with a 5-litre Ford V8 engine for just £35,000. Bob Cooke shows what a difference a D makes

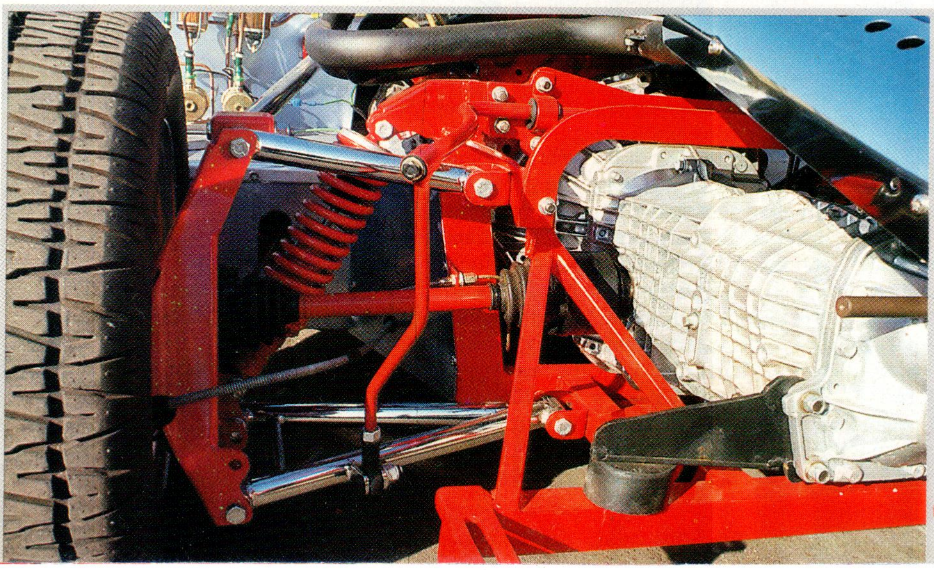
You have to climb in feet first, gripping the door and the top of the bodywork. Then you lower yourself in, aiming your feet across into the narrow footwell and guiding your behind carefully into the minimalistic bucket seat. There's not a lot of padding in the cushion and backrest, but it's the right shape, and it'll hold you well as you power through a fast corner.
Problem number one. The pedals aren't where you think they'll be. You're sitting so far forward in this racing-balance chassis that the pedals would be in amongst the front suspension components, so clutch, brake and accelerator are all over to the left of the steering column. It's comfortable enough once you get used to it.
Problem number two. There's groaningly slow turnover when you turn on the ignition and hit the starter. A flat battery? Don't be fooled. It's merely the high compression of the 5-litre Ford V8, mounted only inches behind you, making the battery and starter motor really work for their living. That engine has 350 screaming horses on tap, if you can coax it into life. One more leisurely turn and the big American block rumbles. Clutch out, select first . . .
Problem number three. Changing gear isn't as

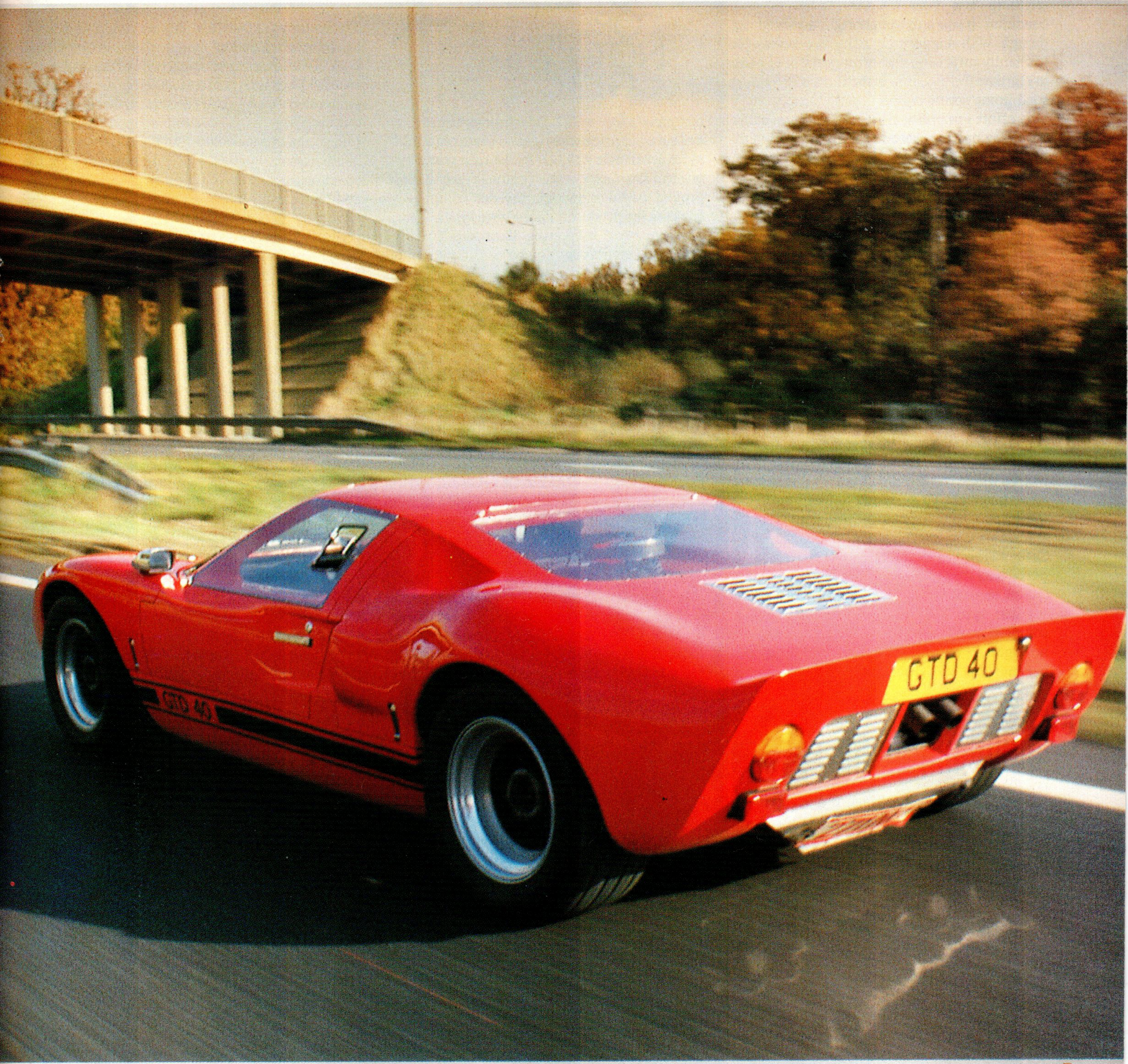
GT Developments' GTD 40, a replica of the Ford GT40 which was a common sight at Le Mans. Although the copy is virtually indistinguishable from the Ford, the price is very different. A poor GT40 would cost £90,000, a new replica £35,000.











simple as it sounds because it's a racing arrangement with the stick to the right of the driver's seat. There's a stubby little lever slotting through a carefully shaped grating to ensure positive selection. The trouble is that the shift is not just on the right, the pattern is also reversed in comparison with most ordinary saloons. Away from you and rearwards for first, forwards for second, rearwards and towards you for third. It's an arrangement that you can cope with easily enough while you're tootling quietly out of the confines of the narrow business park roadways, because you take it easy and can think about the gearshifts. Out on the highway, when you've got some speed up and go for one of those instinctive downchanges to blast past some old dodderer in an Allegro, chances are you'll get caught out. When you're clear of the traffic, ease into third and put your foot down. This car really goes — no problem in that department. Feel the raucous surge of power as the big engine winds up through its broad and pushy torque band. A ton? Easily where legal, and it stays there on a lightly trailed throttle. When you glance out of the side window at the roadway rushing past you are vividly reminded of just how close your bumcheeks are to the ground. The reason is simple. The car is only 40 inches tall.

What car are we talking about? The GTD 40, a replica of Ford's famous GT40 Le Mans car.

Old classics never die — or rather, they're never allowed to die. That incredible example of Anglo-American co-operation, the Ford GT40, is no exception, but its survival to the present day has not been without its share of intrigue.

Some might argue that the only 'real' GT40s were the 107 racing and road Ford GT40s built at the Slough plant in Berkshire, between 1964

The 5-litre Ford engine cruises effortlessly at over 100mph, though the driving position takes some getting used to. The suspension has been altered to suit the road rather than racetrack, but the gears are still in racing configuration.

FORD GT OR NOT GT? THAT IS THE QUESTION

and 1969. You won't pick one of those up for anything less than £90,000, even in poor condition. It was a thoroughbred, race-bred car, though, with staggeringly attractive looks — so it's hardly surprising that efforts have been made to recreate the machine in the form of a modern road-going sports coupé.

One effort got pretty close. A company called Safir Engineering, based near the remains of the historic Brooklands racing circuit, built a dozen cars which they dubbed the GT40 Mk V. Safir bought the rights to the name along with the original chassis jigs and body moulds, got one of the original design team, Len Bailey, to modify the original design to bring it up to date technologically and to suit it more as a road car. He even took on Jim Rose, who was part of the original GT40 construction team, to handle the manufacture of the Mk V.

Being so close to the original, plus having the legal right to use the GT40 name (even if not the Ford prefix), meant the car has gained a modicum of acceptance as a 'genuine' descendant of the Le Mans-winning racer. Building a car so close to the original specification, though, proved naturally expensive. To buy one of the Mk Vs would have set you back almost as much as an original. To persuade Safir to build any more you'd have to put together a firm order for at least six cars at around £60,000 apiece.

Safir weren't alone, though, in attempting to perpetuate the GT40. In a little workshop in the quaint seaside town of Poole, Dorset, GT40 replicas appeared thick and fast. But not as complete autos — as kit cars. And, since they had no right to use the name, the Poole replica became the GTD40, after the production company's title of GT Developments Ltd.

Because the price was right — closer to a much more acceptable £25,000 by the time you'd built one to a satisfactory specification — the GTD 40 proved popular enough for the company to advance the product a stage above kit-car status. They've been marketing their product as a 'modular' sports car. You buy an already-built-up body-chassis unit to which only the engine has to be dropped in and the wheels bolted on.

But its kit-car background showed in the choice of engines. Although you could specify a 350bhp 5-litre American Ford V8, you could also get away with a 140-horse 2.8-litre Granada V6, and suspension and drum brakes from a Cortina.

All that has now changed. Ray Christopher, the man behind GT Developments, has decided that his company's development programme has improved the strength and quality of the GT40 replica so much that it is now good enough to sell as a complete new car in its own right. His aim is to drag the GTD40 out of the low-key world of the kit-car/modular car, and offer it instead as a classy service-backed sports car.

The Poole factory is expanding to handle assembly of complete cars now and Christopher is even putting in a bid for the rights to use the original GT40 name, though he accepts that those rights could have a too high a price tag. He's happy enough that Ford in the US have given his product enough of a seal of approval to provide 350bhp V8 engines to order.

The coming GTD40 turn-key car, due to appear at Motorfair, London's motor show, in October won't be an exact mechanical copy of the original racer. The chassis is of a completely new design aimed at giving on-road comfort, rather than all-out race lightness — though souped-up, rose-jointed racing versions will be an option. Transmission will be via a Renault transaxle, but specified to GT Developments' requirements, and braking will be by discs all round.

Naturally before selling the car as a fully-manufactured product off the showroom floor, GT Developments will have to get through the stringent testing required to pass the Type Approval regulations that have to be met by all new cars sold in Britain. Apart from anything else this will require the crash-testing and, consequently, destruction of two complete cars. Christopher is confident the product is good enough to get Type Approval with little trouble. That would bring GT Developments into the world of fully-fledged car manufacturers, alongside such other sports car specialists as Lotus, TVR and Morgan. Streamlining of their production would also mean that the GTD40 would be available at a more accessible price. The car will retail at around £35,000.

Christopher's enterprise doesn't end there. Already on the production line is a series of replicas of another exciting road racing car of the early 60s, the Lola T70. The Lola's creator, Eric Broadley, is thrilled with the prospect of seeing that other classic development of the Lola GT (which, after all, is where the GT40 sprang from) taking to the roads again.

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SUSAN

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
ROY BREWINGTON

Avoiding 'burns' is something that 23-year-old Susan Bentinck will do at all costs, and we don't mean the great Scottish poet. (Susan is Glasgow born and proud of it.) The 'burn' she objects to is strictly of the aerobic kind. 'Keeping fit means making an effort — there's no question about that,' explains

this 34-22-34 instructress at a Thames Valley health club. 'But it shouldn't involve agony. If an exercise really starts to hurt you, then you should stop at once, and tell your instructor, because it won't be doing you any good.'

If she sounds forthright then that's only appropriate for a girl who trained as a physical education teacher, and taught north of the border, before an offer from an old school friend brought her south. 'I miss the kids,' she says, 'but paying customers are really not that different. You have to be something of a tartar — but nicely with it!' It's an attitude that clearly has great appeal to her male clients.

'I get all the jokes about being a hard task mistress, and laying on the whip.' One admirer offered to do a thousand curls if she took a class in a leotard he'd chosen himself. 'It was actually a body stocking and totally transparent,' Susan laughs. 'I'd love to have seen the effect on a men's class after I'd demonstrated a few dozen pelvic thrusts!' Instead she decided to save the garment for her modelling debut. 'Much much safer,' she jokes.

A hard ride home
continued from page 50
untrained in putermind. Alan was compatible enough that he was never sure if information formed directly in his cortex or whether he got it visually off the screen.

By mental commands, he adjusted the image until the circulatory system appeared in traditional reds and blues. He checked the white blood cell count, blood pressure, and clotting index. He took extra time near the bone breaks, searching for any indication of infection or gangrene. No problems. Satisfied, he shut the machine down, unplugged the line, and went to observe the engine repair crew.

Alan looked out the viewport toward the rear of the ship, down the central axis toward the engineering section. Where there had been four engine pods before the attack, now there was only one and pieces of another. Debris hung all around the area. Because of the ship's rotation, the junk seemed to orbit over the heads of the two people working on the intact pod. They had opened up a panel on its side, and were jockeying the mini-puter out of the niche within. Their spacesuits disguised them, but Alan knew it was Sharn and Helva, who, along with Kuei, were the only engineering technos left.

Alan's own Suni mistress had been lost when the pods had been hit during the attack. Mourning had to wait until he and the others were sure they themselves would survive.

Tarla and J'ann had already been at the viewport when Alan arrived. They all watched in silence, no one daring to speculate on what the extra-

vehicular crew was finding. Everything depended on that engine.

The two workers clambered along the axis of the ship, ferrying the mini-puter back toward the only functional airlock. Freefall transformed them into dancers, tiny pulses from their manoeuvering jets wafting them along their way. The observers met them at the airlock doors.

Sharn already had her helmet off when the doors opened. 'It looks good,' she said cheerfully, holding up her end of the mini-puter. In the light gravity, it almost bounced out of her grip.

Suddenly the quiet broke. The engineers buzzed with plans for repair. There was hope. They had already determined that the remaining engine was structurally sound; if its mind could be made functional, they would have a chance. Alan wore his relief calmly, waiting for the women. They would need him soon.

Both Sharn and Helva looked ragged, if one could ever called a Suni ragged. They had fine wrinkles next to their eyes, and the vibrant green of their complexions had faded to chartreuse. They had not had him since early the day before. A Suni needed more than that, particularly when under stress and heavy labour, as these two had been. As they became aware of him, they set the mini-puter aside and began climbing out of their spacesuits. Tarla and J'ann discreetly found other duties to take them away. They had both been with Alan recently; it wouldn't have been fair for them to take more of him so soon.

They found a recreation lounge nearby. Alan sat between them. As Helva lifted her breasts for him to suck, Sharn went down on him. The nipple was hard and goose-pimpled, rising to the strokes of his tongue, the breasts filling his nose with a sweaty but arousing aroma. Hot lips teased the head of his prick. Two Suni's at once. If he ever lived to tell about this, he'd be the envy of all the men in the Fleet.

Biologists weren't quite sure why the Suni female had evolved with such a literal need for sex. They thought it was partly a result of only two Suni males being born for every three of the opposite sex, coupled with the fact that their native planet had originally been overrun with predators with a taste for Suni meat. It was essential that Sunis reproduce quickly, and the females had to be unfailingly attractive in order to compete. In any event, from puberty on, the modern Suni woman was compelled to copulate almost daily, a regimen relieved only by pregnancy or menopause. It was a unique hormonal phenomenon, and no drug had ever been developed that successfully thwarted it.

Within galactic civilization, Suni women were known as the best prostitutes that could be had, and that profession attracted a great many of them. But not all. The species had been gifted in other ways; one of their talents was a strikingly strong compatibility with puterminds. They could interface almost without effort. They were in high demand as technos and navigators, which was why so many of them had been aboard *Valiant*. It was only because of this faculty that the ship had been able to be salvaged.

Sharn had shifted into the saddle and impaled herself. She drew it out of him with confident, slick strokes. Helva was behind Alan, wrapped around him, hands behind Sharn's neck. As he came — deep, satisfying spurts in spite of his depletion — both Sunis fed off his climax. It wasn't the physical ejaculate that sustained them; they drew what they required from his emotional discharge. All it took was close contact.

Without him, the Sunis wouldn't last. If the Sunis didn't last, there would be no one capable of repairing the ship, and they would all die. Only a male orgasm gave the Sunis the right food. They were invariably heterosexual. Ironically enough, it didn't matter whether it was a Suni male or any of the other human races — or even some of the non-human — but it had to be orgasm. Foreplay wouldn't do.

Sharn lifted off, ran her tongue over his cock and smiled. She looked better already, a glow behind the cheeks. She'd only gotten half the nourishment she would have received had she not had to share with Helva, but it was enough.

Alan was amazed he'd been able to do it. He remembered the first few days, when they had all been running around in spacesuits trying to patch all the holes in the ship Whenever one of the Sunis got desperate, they'd have to take time out and find one of the pressurized chambers. By the time they'd fixed all the seals, he'd been sure he could never get it up again.

'Until later,' Sharn smiled.

Laura burst into the sick bay so enthusiastically

'Excuse me a moment — they've talked our Miss Wilcox into doing it again!'

that her head nearly grazed the ceiling. She had barely drifted back to the floor before she was hugging Alan.

'It works, it works!' she giggled, and kissed him.

'What works?' he said, when she allowed him to inhale.

'The engine mini-puter!' She hopped on her tip-toes. 'Come on — we're celebrating in the main rec lounge.'

'Right now?' Alan asked, waving at the regenerator, where he had been working when Laura appeared. Its occupant was sleeping peacefully.

'Yes. Come on!' she grabbed his wrist and dragged him behind her. They wound through corridors still littered with trash and damage marks, and arrived in a large, dimly lit chamber. Alan strained his eyes, and made out the mini-puter in the centre of the room. It had been wrapped in bright crimson ribbon. Small lights blinked, demonstrating the soundness of the circuitry. The air was filled with the odour of wine and incense. At the edges of the room, seductively veiled in the shadows, were all six of the ship's Sunis, draped in gossamer capes that whispered when they moved.

'See?' Luara smiled, pointing at the mini-puter. He could hardly believe it. They'd had hopes all along, but he had not allowed himself to depend on them. He felt like dancing. 'How long will it take to get back to friendly space?' he asked quickly.

'We have to reinforce the ship a bit,' Kuei answered. 'And even then, we'll have to take it easy — accelerate slowly. I doubt we'll be able to manage more than warp one or two. We should get there in no more than three months.'

But they would get there, Alan thought gratefully. Filled with happy images, he only peripherally noticed the women gliding toward him, pupils bright with passion. Their gauze costumes dropped away, revealing six sets of pert breasts, narrow waists, glistening lips. And Laura, too — a warm, brown picture of beauty. All hungry.

Three months?

J'ann had knelt down and started licking his balls before he knew it. Tarla was behind him, nibbling on the cheeks of his bottom. Laura was doing the same to an ear lobe.

'Wait,' he said.

They didn't co-operate. Helva, Sharn, and Meila moved in. It took him many moments to convince them that he was serious. 'I'll be right back,' he said, his cock popping out of J'ann's mouth as he pulled away.

He hurried back to the sick bay, and went directly to the regenerator. Laura had been so excited he hadn't been able to announce his own news. He typed a command into the regenerator's puter, and in a few seconds the plexiglas top of the unit peeled back. Commander Feldon opened his eyes and raised a groggy head. He was whole, not a mark on him, as good as new.

'Boy, am I glad to see you,' Alan said.

Feldon took one look at the regenerator and realized what had happened to him. 'Did we win?' he asked.

Alan nodded.

'And the ship?' Feldon added apprehensively. It had already taken a bad hit before the commander's section had been destroyed.

'Things are looking up,' Alan said, 'but you're not going to believe what we're going to have to do to get home.'

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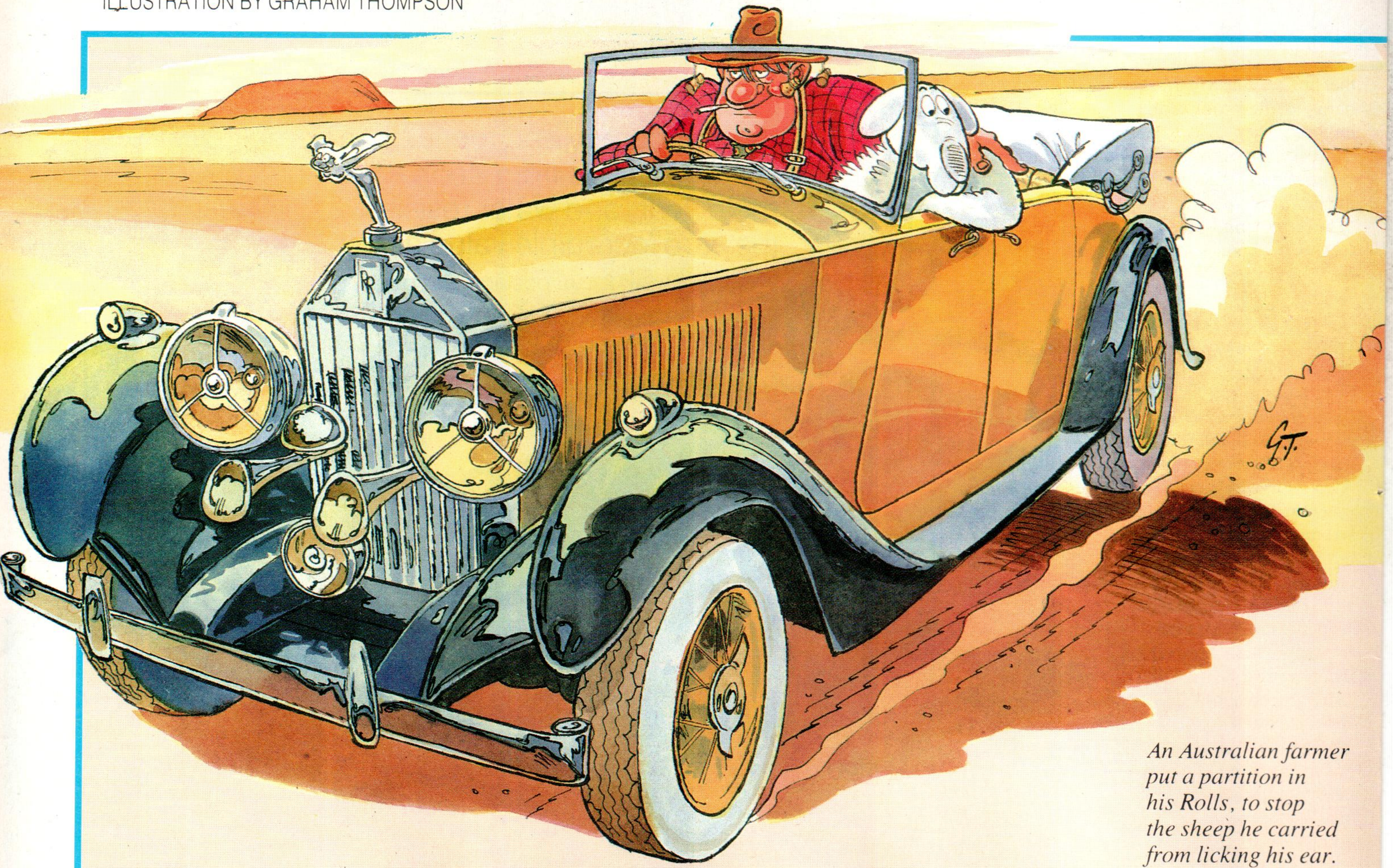

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THE MYSTIQUE AND MISTAKES BEHIND THOSE ROLLS-ROYCE LEGENDS

By Gary Povey

Picture the scene. You're hot and tired. You've been driving for hours. You're dying for a wash and brush up and possibly a long cool beer. Trouble is the pubs are shut and anyway you're miles from anywhere. What can you do? The answer's simple if the car you're driving is one which once belonged to Mrs Churchill Wylie. You could stop and make full use of the wash basin with matching mirror and soap holder hidden in the boot, then you could fix yourself a drink at the bar inside the car. The amazing vehicle also had a writing desk, gramophone and cigar cabinet, should you require them. Mind you, this wasn't your average family saloon. It was, of course, a Rolls-Royce.

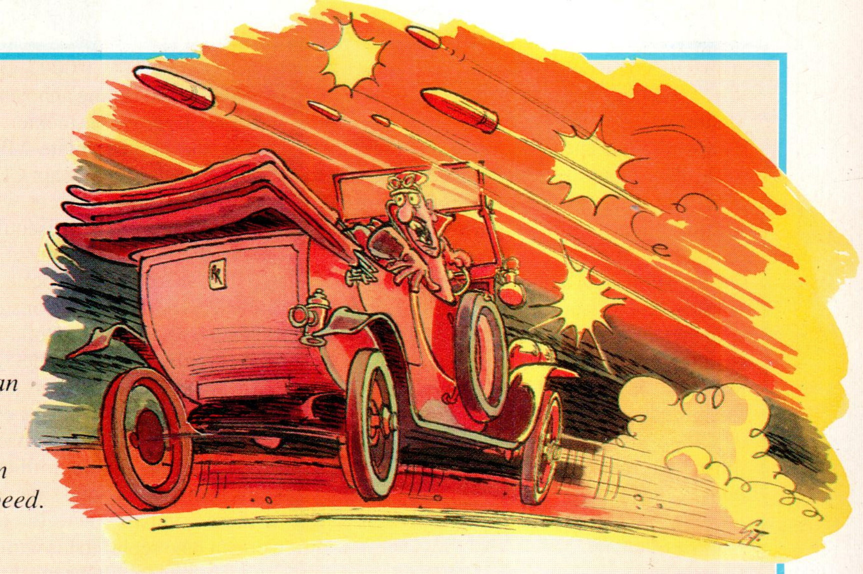
Throughout the history of car manufacturing no other car has had quite the same fascination or legend attached to it as the world famous creation of Mr Rolls and Mr Royce. It is a car unique among cars. Bought and sold throughout the world, it has become the ultimate status symbol; the car about whom J. Pierpoint Morgan said, 'If you have to ask the price you can't afford it.' There have been faster cars, better handling cars and, by its own admission, more comfortable cars, but Rolls-Royce has managed to retain its title as the best car in the world despite all this, and it has done so without any obvious ungentlemanly exertion since the formation of the company in 1906.

Whilst there are many myths and legends surrounding the Rolls-Royce motor car, (one should never call them 'Rollers') the facts are probably more fantastic than the fiction. It *is* true, for instance, that every Rolls-Royce radiator is signed on the back by the man who made it, though of the twelve craftsmen who make the radiators, no two make them exactly the same, so each man can recognise his own work if he sees it in the street. When you bear in mind that each radiator is made entirely by hand and eye, no measuring instruments are used, this is probably not surprising.

It is also true that a Rolls-Royce drove all the way from London to Edinburgh in top gear, and 66 years later the same car made the return journey in the same way. It was in 1911, and Ernest Hives drove his Silver Ghost locked in top gear the 405 miles to Edinburgh at an average speed of 19.59 mph. In 1977, the same car was driven back again, also locked in top gear for the entire journey, at an average speed of 35.8 mph.

The eccentricities involved in the manufacture of the car have added to its mystique. What other car has its engine and gearbox parts polished with fine ground oak husks because jewellers' rouge is considered too coarse for the job? The

crankcase of every Rolls-Royce is cast in sand from the Withington sand quarry, near Congleton, Cheshire. According to Rolls-Royce, it's the only place in the world which produces the uniquely consistent and pure variety of sand necessary for the job. Each stainless steel wheel disc has a 'picture plate' that is hand-painted on a potter's wheel, strictly to the owner's specifications, and even a cocktail cabinet with cut glass decanter is standard on the Phantom VI. There appears to be no length to which the company will not go to keep their car at the top. For example, you will never open the ashtray in a modern Rolls-Royce and find a cigarette end. They empty themselves automatically.



Evading German troops in 1916, Louis Kohn reversed 4½ km at breakneck speed.

In fact much of the specification for the car reads like fiction, but it's quite true. The Silver Spirit has almost one mile of wiring hidden away. The average family house has only 200 yards. The air conditioning in a Rolls-Royce costs as much to make as a complete Mini Metro, and no wonder. You could drive a Rolls Royce from the Arctic Circle to the equator without ever having to adjust it, the interior temperature would remain constant. A heat sensor in the Silver Spirit automatically adjusts the temperature to compensate for the direct rays of the sun. When Rolls-Royce craftsmen add the walnut veneer to the car they really excel themselves. Every year they use enough of the stuff to cover a full-size football pitch, and if you look on the back of the veneer on any Rolls-Royce, you will find a serial number. This enables it to be matched up with veneer from the same log should it ever be damaged. The logs are kept in storage at the factory.

Perhaps it's in the testing of their cars that Rolls-Royce reveal their greatest excesses. Their thoroughness is probably best demonstrated by this extract from the Rolls-Royce Catalogue in 1910.

'Three glass tumblers were balanced upon the bonnet of a six-cylinder 40/50 hp Rolls-Royce. Each tumbler was filled to overflowing with coloured water. The engine was started, the starting handle removed and a revolution counter put on the end of the crankshaft. A photograph was then taken of the glasses, an exposure of exactly four minutes being given, during which the engine revolved 4,600 times at 1,150 revolutions per minute . . . Not a drop of liquid was spilled from them at any time, and the sharpness of the outlines in the photograph shows the absence of vibration in a most conclusive manner.'

The catalogue goes on to describe another bizarre experiment. A penny was placed on edge on the radiator cap whilst the engine was running. It goes without saying that the penny didn't move for two minutes. Even today Rolls-Royce engineers use a stethoscope to check the smooth running of the engine and calibrate the instruments in a room mounted entirely on cork. Many people over the years have waxed lyrical over the car. A 1950s review of a new model said the loudest noise that could be heard at 60 mph was the sound of the clock ticking. Although it was never a claim made by Rolls-Royce, it is an attribute which suits the image, and is still repeated down to the present generation of Rolls-Royce motor cars. A Rolls-Royce advert of 1910 claimed that it was the only petrol-driven car a doctor could drive. A GP could motor up to the sick person's house, and drive it away again without ever disturbing the patient. But Rolls-Royce have been noticeably reticent about one aspect of their car — what goes on under the bonnet. Anyone who has ever asked about the power output of a Rolls-Royce engine has always been given the same polite but conversation-stopping reply: 'Sufficient, sir.'

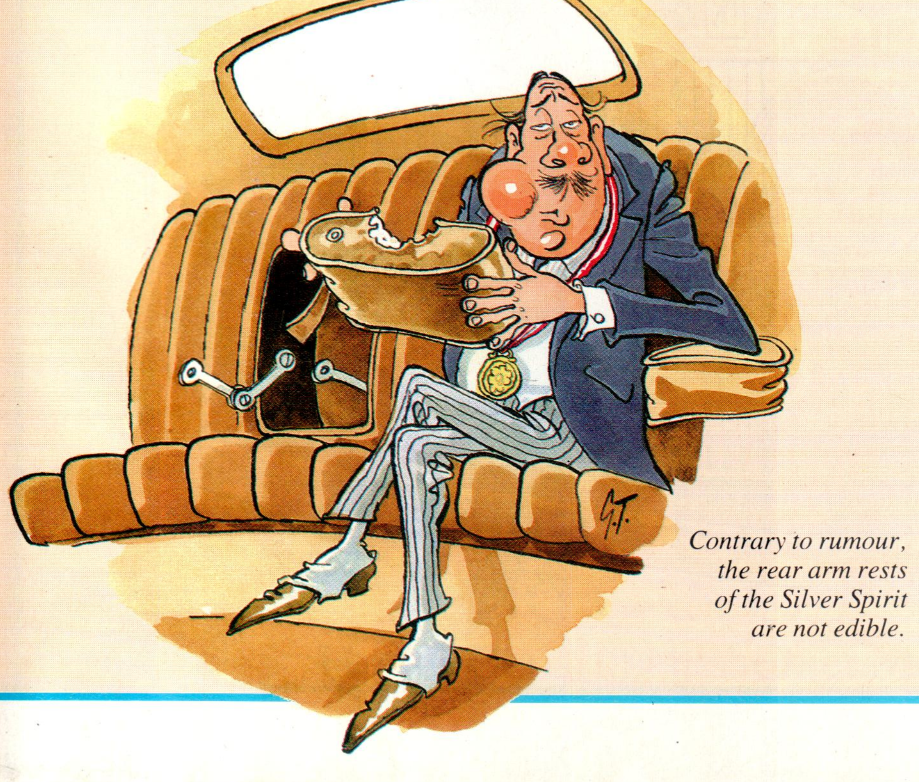
There are plenty of other amazing facts about the Rolls-Royce with which you can regale people in the pub. Did you know, for example that there are five and a half times as many parts in a Rolls-Royce as in the average saloon car, or that six out of every ten Rolls-Royces ever made are still on the road? But all this leads to only one thing; the gradual creeping in of stories about the Rolls-Royce which are just not true, despite being widely believed by the general public. Rolls-Royce, whilst not appearing to encourage these myths, does, at the same time, little to discourage them.

It is not true, for example, that the 'Silver Lady' mascot on the front of the car is made of silver; it's made of stainless steel.

Rumour also has it that you could never go hungry in a Silver Spirit because the rear arm rests are edible. They may be made of the best Scandinavian cow hide but they are certainly not edible. Until 1933, it's said, no Rolls-Royce had reverse gear because Sir Henry Royce so disliked the thought of his beloved car ever being seen going backwards. Wrong! It *could* go backwards, and it could break down, even though Rolls-Royce claim that it never breaks down — it just 'fails to proceed.'

The story goes, and here you can make up your own mind, that in the unlikely event that your Rolls-Royce should break a crankshaft, you can phone the nearest distributor, and he will repair it in 24 hours. He will arrive after midnight in a big, black van and take your car away, returning it to you the next day in perfect working order. What's more there'll be no bill. Rolls-Royce will never admit, it is said, that the crankshaft ever breaks.

Stories about Rolls-Royce's reluctance to admit anything goes wrong with their cars are numerous. There was, so one story goes, a Rolls-Royce distributor who in the middle of extolling the virtues of the self-starter was stunned by the query, 'Why does it carry a starting handle then?' 'Well, sir, in the extremely unlikely eventuality of the car failing to . . .' 'Ah, you admit it then! The self-starting mechanism isn't foolproof,



Contrary to rumour, the rear arm rests of the Silver Spirit are not edible.

otherwise you wouldn't carry a starting handle.' 'Sir,' replied the Rolls-Royce man icily, 'doubtless, like all men, you have two small bumps on your chest. If, sir, you were to give birth, they would permit you to give the baby milk. The chances of your needing to employ the starting handle on a Rolls-Royce are equally remote.' So there!

On the subject of apocryphal stories, the last word is left to Lord Denning. In after dinner speeches he tells of a lady who, after he was gazetted as Master of the Rolls, wrote to him — to arrange a service for her Corniche . . .

But this lady probably treated her car with a great deal more respect than some of the car's more illustrious real-life owners. Like Mrs Wylie, owners have stuffed all kinds of strange 'extras' into the car. Lord Berners, a composer, had a piano built into the back of his, whilst John Lennon's had a bed in the back. The Beatle's famous psychedelic Rolls-Royce elicited this rather tight-lipped remark from Rolls-Royce; 'It is not the company's policy to comment on owners' tastes.'

One of the first owners in Hollywood was silent film star Mary Pickford. Her 1926 Phantom I had a secret liquor store to baffle Prohibition agents. One Australian sheep farmer in the outback had a sliding partition installed in his Rolls — to prevent the sheep he often carried in the back from licking his ear. Peter Sellers, a famed owner of several Rolls-Royces had the dubious distinction of destroying two Rolls-Royces in one accident. In 1968 in Belgravia, London he crashed his silver Rolls-Royce into another one coming in the opposite direction, supposedly in a fit of anger about something his passenger, Miranda Quarry, had said. He was obsessive about his cars. Although he had the number plates PS199 and PS1872, Sellers made great efforts to acquire PS1 from a dour Scottish lady, offering first £1,000 and then £2,500. But to his great and lasting annoyance she refused to sell. Max Bygraves is luckier. His Rolls-Royce carries the number plate MB1 whilst Jimmy Tarbuck's has the very apt COM 1C.

The 'Silver Lady' mascot was introduced by Rolls-Royce in 1910 to discourage owners from adding their own ornaments to the top of the radiator. Golliwogs, policemen and even miniature saddles were considered to be not in keeping with the image Rolls-Royce wanted for their cars. However this met with little success. 'The Spirit of Ecstasy' as the mascot is also known, still suffers from the eccentric whims of its owners. Jimmy Savile had his gold plated. Fred Oldroyd, a meat millionaire from Bath, replaced his with a solid silver sausage. But none of these compares with the egotism of Jackie Coogan who replaced his with a silver and ivory model of himself in his most famous role, 'The Kid,' from the Charlie Chaplin film.

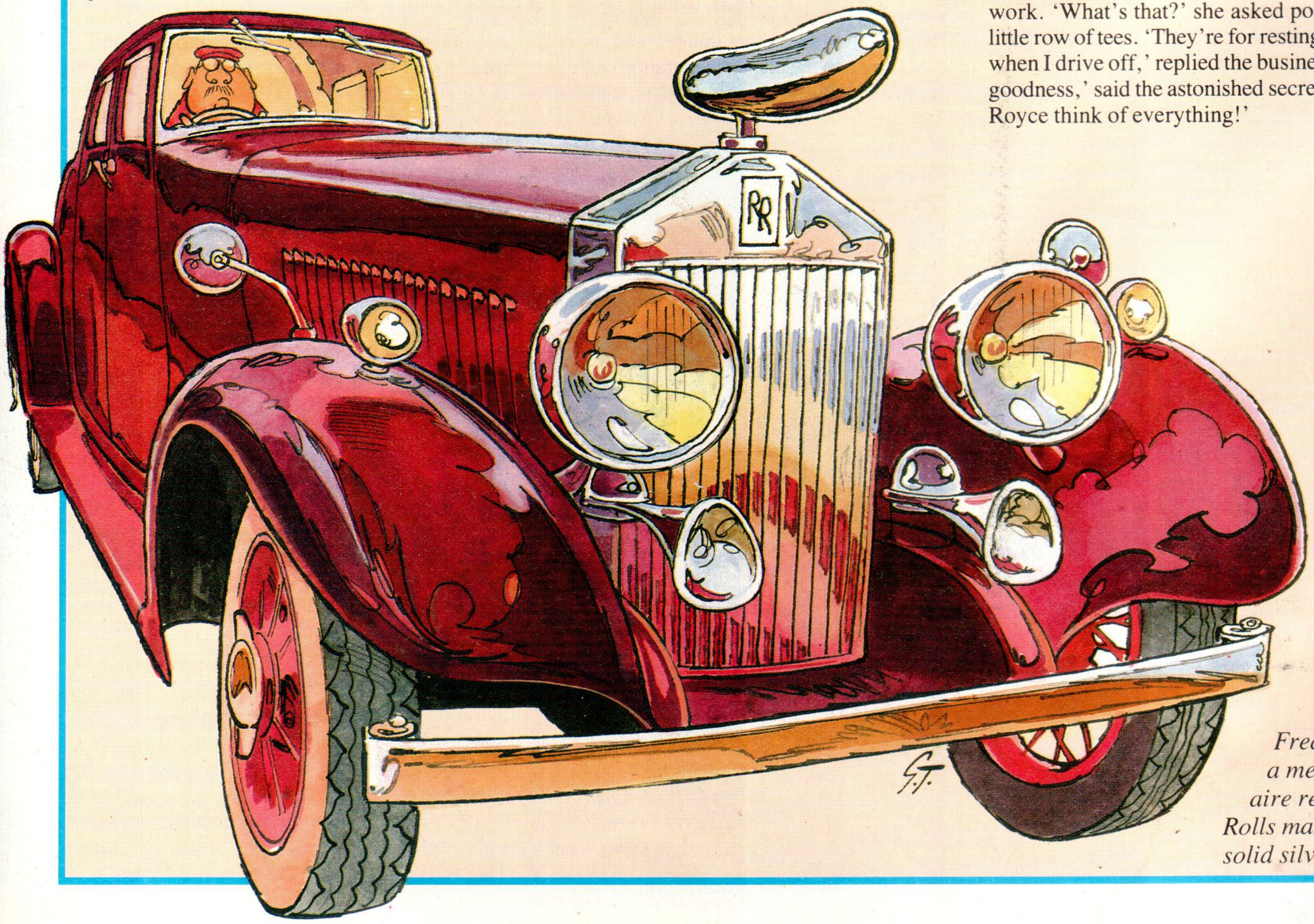
Rolls-Royces have been at the forefront in many historic events of the century. In two world wars they have served King and country. A Rolls-Royce was the first British car ashore in France at the start of the First World War and 30 years later General Montgomery's WMB 40 was the first British car ashore on D-Day in the Second World War. General Foch arrived at Versailles for the signing of the peace treaty in 1919 in a Rolls-Royce. It was presumably not the same one that one Monsieur Louis Kohn was driving in 1916 when he found himself trapped by German troops. He had to reverse for four and a half kilometres at breakneck speed under a continuous hail of bullets before he could turn the car round. To go to war in a Rolls-Royce was, as Colonel T E Lawrence better known as Lawrence of Arabia, said, 'Fighting de-luxe.'

The use of the Merlin aero-engine in the Battle of Britain is well known. Less well known is the fact that it was originally developed entirely on its own resources by Rolls-Royce, without government aid. That's why it had the code name: PV 12 (PV standing for Private Venture.) In World War Two it was not only Spitfires that flew with Rolls-Royce engines. Hurricanes, Defiants, Wellingtons, Lancasters, Halifaxes, Mustangs, Mosquitos, and Gloster Meteors all used Rolls-Royce power. Even the German World War Two Messerschmitt 109 fighter and the Heinkel 13 fighter were flight tested with a Rolls-Royce engine.

There's no doubt that Rolls-Royce made a remarkable contribution to the war effort. Marshal of the Air Force, Lord Tedder, talking about the Battle of Britain expressed it most eloquently: 'Three factors contributed to the British victory-the skill and bravery of the pilots, the availability of suitable fuel and the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine.'

And at least one German air ace, when asked by Goering to name absolutely anything he needed that would help the Luftwaffe win the Battle of Britain, replied, 'Just give me a squadron of Spitfires, Herr Reichsmarschall.' History does not record what Goering's reply was.

Rolls-Royce's claim that their car is the best in the world finds no disagreement from me. It is a beautiful car, built with such skill and loving care that it is no wonder it has achieved the status and respect it now holds. Owners, like Barry Sheene who once said it was the only half decent thing Britain still makes, have on the whole treated it with the same care, only occasionally injecting into it some of their own eccentricities. One famous joke probably says it all. A very rich businessman bought himself a brand new Corniche. Being a keen golfer he had it fitted with a little rack for holding his golf tees upright. One day he was driving his secretary home from work. 'What's that?' she asked pointing to the little row of tees. 'They're for resting my balls on when I drive off,' replied the businessman. 'My goodness,' said the astonished secretary, 'Rolls-Royce think of everything!'



Fred Oldroyd, a meat millionaire replaced his Rolls mascot with a solid silver banger.

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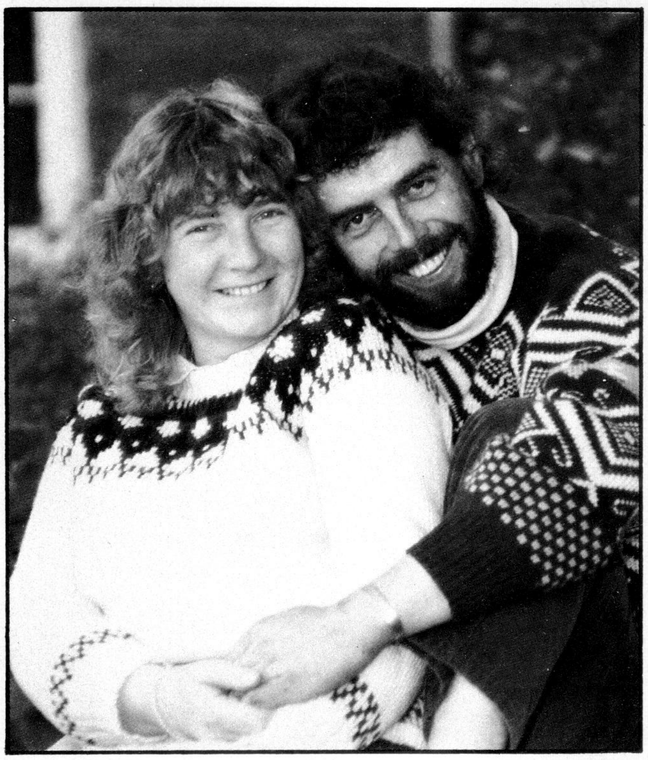

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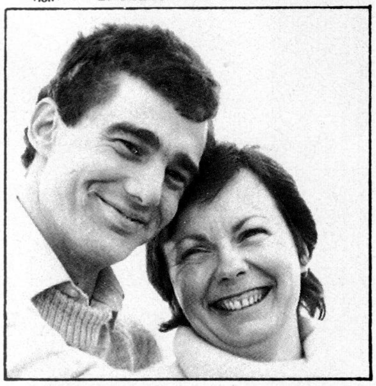

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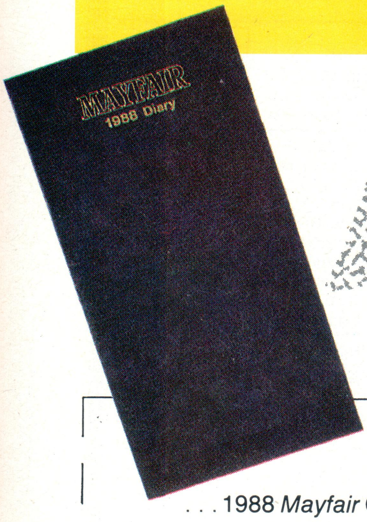

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continued from page 38
gundeck where they were covered with hammocks and blankets for later burial.

Meanwhile in Nanking there had been a flurry of diplomatic activity when *Amethyst's* first signal was received. As soon as the situation had been clarified, the Assistant Naval Attache, Lieutenant-Commander John Simon Kerans, was ordered to proceed down river with medical supplies to investigate the position. After a hectic 72-mile journey along dusty roads in a borrowed Australian jeep, he arrived at the precise moment Weston received orders from Hong Kong to proceed a further ten miles upstream and, as his sampan was poled out from the river bank towards the frigate, Kerans saw the *Amethyst* raise anchor and steam away.

The frigate was finally located at anchor under the lee of Ta-Sha island some three miles downstream from Chiang-kiang, and by two o'clock on the 22nd Kerans had managed to persuade the skipper of a Nationalist landing craft to ferry him out to the vessel. Within minutes of his arrival on board, and in accordance with his latest instructions from Nanking, he took over command of the besieged ship, Skinner having died the previous day.

Kerans' first task was to get Weston ashore for medical attention. Not surprisingly, the First Lieutenant resisted any effort to remove him from the ship which he had guarded so valiantly and, in the end, the new captain was forced to order him into the landing craft. His departure left just 81 men on board the ship — a figure that included Kerans himself and eight Chinese mess boys.

At eight o'clock that evening the telegraphist brought him a signal which had just been received from Madden. It was scarcely encouraging. *The safety of your ship's company being now the first consideration you are to prepare to evacuate from the ship and sink. Report when you are ready.*

The crossing of the river by Mao Tse-tung's forces took place on the 23rd, but surprisingly, in view of the earlier attacks, no attempt was made to fire on the frigate, and Kerans and his crew had a ringside view of the great assault as junks, sampans, and motorboats, streamed across the Yangtze, loaded to the gunwales with troops, guns, and stores. The Nationalists had already abandoned their defences on the southern bank and the landing proceeded without opposition — much to Kerans' relief as he had no wish to be caught up in the middle of a fire-fight between the two opposing armies. But it *did* mean that the *Amethyst* was now totally surrounded by Communist-occupied territory. And, in view of what had happened earlier, there was little comfort to be derived from the new situation.

With the river crossing completed, the atmosphere became less tense and on Tuesday, April 26, a group of Mao's officers arrived to open negotiations. Kerans, an old hand in dealing with the Chinese, declined to go ashore himself and sent, instead, Petty Officer William Freeman. But in order not to offend the negotiators he decked him out in a borrowed Lieutenant's uniform.

The talks were led by Major Kung, who informed Freeman that he was the officer in command of the battery at San-chiang-ying, which had driven the *Amethyst* aground six days earlier. Kung was polite and strictly correct in his

dealings. His task was to obtain an admission that the British ship had opened fire first and, to Freeman's secret satisfaction, he revealed that more than 250 soldiers had been killed by the Royal Navy's guns in the course of the battle. By this time, the *Amethyst's* food supplies were running low. On learning of the problem, the Major gave Kerans the use of a sampan — crewed by three women — and allowed the local natives to barter goods with the frigate; a concession that enabled the Stores Petty Officer to keep stocks at a satisfactory level for several weeks. But a number of items remained difficult to obtain and it was clear that rationing would soon become necessary.

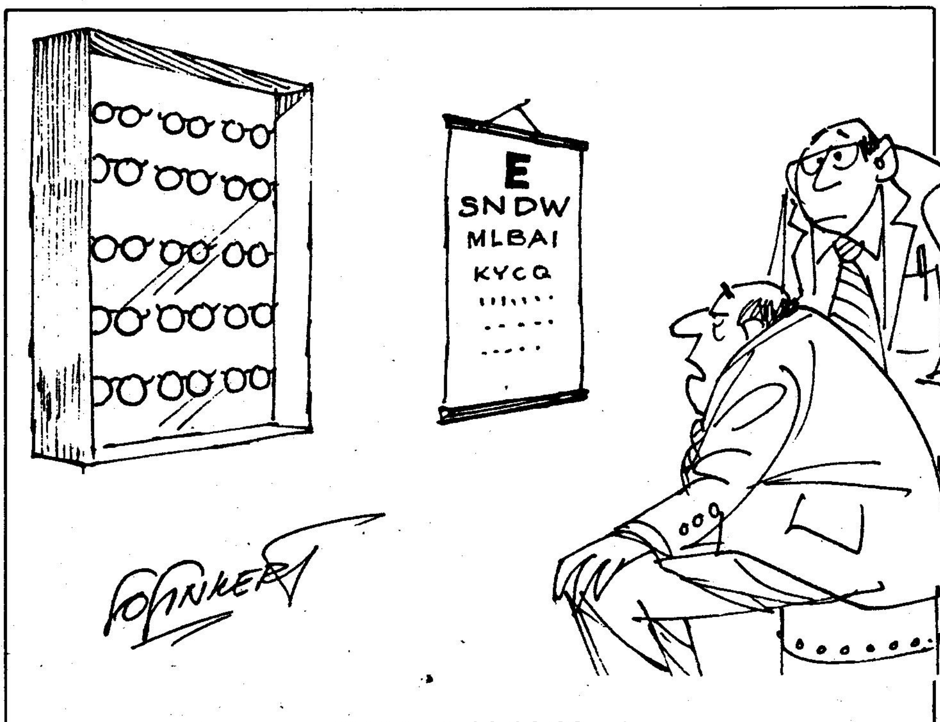
On May 18 negotiations were put on a more formal basis and Kerans was given a list of allegations to which the Communists demanded his agreement. One was an admission that the *Amethyst* 'had wrongfully and criminally invaded Chinese waters'. In terms of strict legality the British Navy had been granted freedom of navigation in all Chinese waters under the 1858 Treaty of Tientsin, and had maintained a flotilla of gunboats on the Yangtze for nearly a century — though the validity of such an agreement was unlikely to impress revolutionary Communists. The talks made little progress, and after a few weeks various pressures were applied to obtain an agreement. The bartering of food with the local peasants was forbidden and the delivery of fuel blocked. As Kerans had to keep enough oil in *Amethyst's* bunkers to allow her to make a dash for freedom when, and if, the opportunity arose, he was forced to shut down the auxiliary machinery for hours at a stretch to conserve supplies, leaving the frigate without fans or ventilation to alleviate the physically debilitating humidity and heat of the Chinese summer. The beginning of July also saw the ship's company on half-rations, with the issue of bread restricted to only two days a week. 'If you move your ship every effort will be made to destroy it,' Colonel Kang, the chief Chinese negotiator, warned Kerans at the end of each meeting of the negotiating teams. 'If you do not, all will be well.'

But by now Kerans had already decided what to do. He was tired of being held hostage along with his ship and his men. Despite the Colonel's threats, he intended to make a bid for freedom regardless of the consequences. And the Communists unwittingly gave him the very commodity he most needed when, on July 11, and for no apparent reason, the blockade was lifted and a junk carrying 54 tons of fuel oil in 296 large drums came alongside. Much of the precious black gold had to be fed to the auxiliary machinery, but calculations showed that, at the current rate of consumption, the operational reserve necessary to reach Shanghi would not last beyond July 30. Taking this date as his deadline, Kerans waited patiently — not revealing his plan to a single soul.

Finally, Lieutenant Strain was let into the secret and Madden, too, was alerted by means of an ingeniously contrived cypher signal. Just before six pm on July 30 *Amethyst's* remaining officer, Lieutenant Hett, was informed that a break-out was planned for ten o'clock that evening and, two hours later, the Petty Officers and senior ratings were called into the captain's cabin and given the news. There was a sense of relief after the tensions of the siege, but no one had any illusions as to the dangers that lay before them.

At the very last moment, with bare minutes left to zero hour, a merchant ship was sighted rounding Ta-Sha Island on her way down river. Turning the situation to his advantage, Kerans decided to use the vessel as an unsuspecting guide, and he waited to let the vessel pass so that he could take up station on her stern. At 10.09

turn to page 82



'OO,OO,OO,OO,OO,OO, —'

FRIGATE UNDER FIRE: HMS AMETHYST's 100 DAYS OF HELL

continued from page 81

precisely *Amethyst's* engines hummed to life in obedience to the tinkling command of the bridge telegraph, the cable — wrapped in canvas to reduce noise — slipped soundlessly through the hawser hole, and Kerans turned the frigate through 180 degrees so that her bows were pointing towards the sea.

Amethyst followed the *Kiang Ling Liberation* downstream for some 15 minutes before the local military woke up to the fact that she had gone. Suddenly a flare arched skywards from the shore battery at Taiching — a signal or warning clearly intended for the merchant ship, which replied with a series of urgent yelps on her siren. As a second flare shot up into the night sky, Kerans spotted a naval patrol boat emerging from the darkness. But for some unknown reason it opened fire, not on the British frigate, but on the shore battery. The Communist field guns responded without hesitation, and *Amethyst* gleefully added to the confusion with her Oerlikon and four Bren guns. A violent lurch misled Kerans into thinking that the ship had been struck by an enemy shell, and he transmitted an urgent signal to Hong Kong: *I am under heavy fire and have been hit.* It was exactly 10.30 pm.

The scene off Taiching was one of utter pandemonium. The Chinese freighter was stopped in midstream, blowing off steam; sirens were shrieking, guns were firing from both banks, and shells were exploding in all directions. *Amethyst* increased to full speed and Kerans ordered her to make smoke as her solitary four inch gun joined in the action. Bewildered by the chaos, the shore batteries concentrated their fire on the unhappy *Kiang Ling Liberation,* which was now grounded on a mudflat. Taking advantage of his good fortune, Kerans steered the frigate clear of Rose Island and continued downriver. *Passed Rose Island* he radioed to Hong Kong and, a short while later, *Passed Bate Point.*

By one am the *Amethyst* was approaching Kiang Yin, where she would once again have to run the gauntlet of the shore batteries. More worrying, however, was the boom which the Communists had stretched across the river at this point. Making dense black smoke to conceal his movements and holding the frigate at 19 knots, Kerans headed towards the obstruction under heavy fire. The channel through the boom should have been lit with two lights, but only one was burning. Should they pass to port or starboard? A patrol vessel lying close to the floating barrier moved out to meet them, and opened fire with tracer shells. Kerans ordered the coxswain to steer to port of the solitary navigation light. By a miracle he had guessed correctly. *Amethyst* found the channel through the obstruction and cleared the obstacle at maximum speed. By 2.42 am they had only 42 miles left to traverse before reaching the sea, and Kerans transmitted a laconically triumphant signal to Madden: *One hundred up.*

An hour later the frigate encountered an unlighted junk in midstream. Travelling at 19 knots a collision was unavoidable and the unfortunate craft was sliced in two by *Amethyst's* razor-sharp bows. They were now approaching the final challenge — the forts of Woosung — and, as the first glimmer of dawn reached up over the eastern horizon, Kerans could see the beams of the searchlights probing the black waters that lay ahead. But, even though one of the beams actually settled on the frigate, the Communists made no attempt to open fire. Perhaps Mao Tse-tung's senior officers were glad to be rid of the political embarrassment created by the irresponsible actions of their juniors.

As they swept past the fortress guns of Woosung, the men on *Amethyst's* bridge could see a large warship moving across the estuary to intercept them. Had they shot their bolt at the last minute? Kerans raised his glasses and peered ahead. There was no mistaking the silhouette of the approaching vessel — and the large White Ensign fluttering from her stern was welcome confirmation of her identity. It was the *Consort* coming up river to greet them. Kerans called the Telegraphist, Jack French, to the bridge and dictated his final signal to the C-in-C: *Have rejoined the fleet. Am south of Woosung. No damage or casualties. God save the King.*

The ordeal of *HMS Amethyst,* Lt-Cdr John Kerans, and the gallant survivors of the 100-day siege was over.

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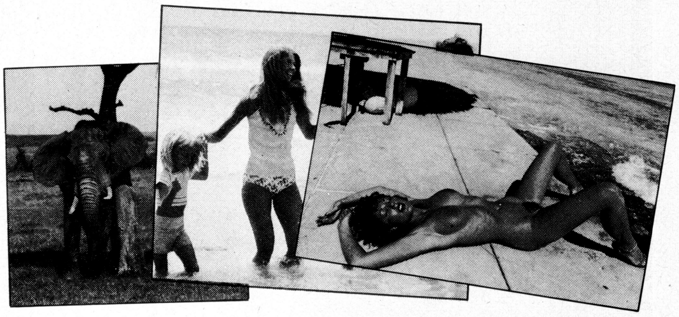

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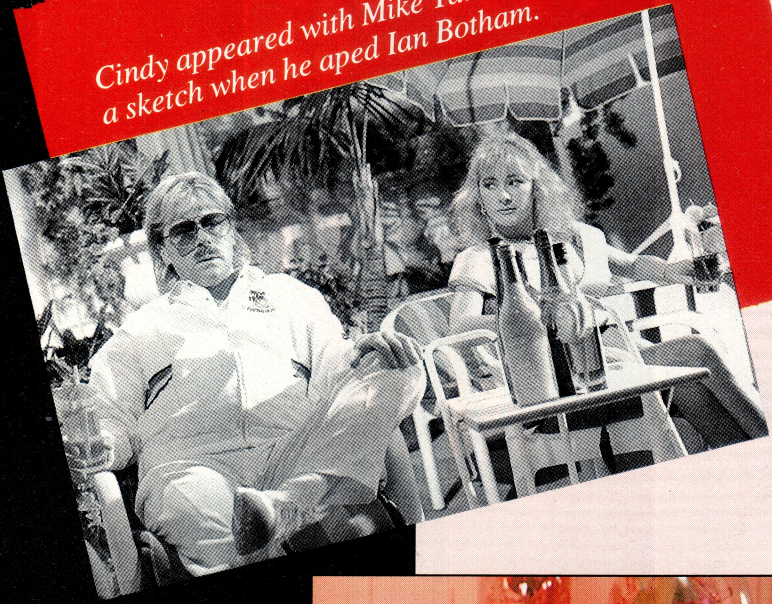
Cindy Milo

THE HOSTESS FROM BOB's FULL HOUSE

makes her nude debut

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

If you watch the top TV game show *Bob's Full House*, you'll have spotted a striking blonde hostess modelling the prizes for presenter Bob Monkhouse. That blonde is the sexy Cindy Milo who is now



Cindy appeared with Mike Yarwood in a sketch when he aped Ian Botham.

making her nude modelling debut exclusively for *Mayfair* readers. Cindy, 21, has been the show's hostess for the last two years, modelling everything from clothing to furniture. But this is your first opportunity of seeing her model her lithe 35-23-34. 'Bob Monkhouse is very pleasant and genuine, but rather a serious person,' she said. The prizes on the show are featured in a large revolving dome, and Cindy told us, 'I have to run round the dome between changes, and when the doors swing round I am standing on the podium.

'Once I came running round, and just managed to step onto the stage as the doors opened. I was puffing and panting inside, but had to look calm.' Cindy, who hit the headlines earlier this year when she spoke to a Sunday newspaper of her friendship with disc jockey Mike Read, lives in Chelsea. She is no stranger to your TV screens, and has appeared in various shows and commercials. On the *Mike Yarwood Show* she played the girlfriend in an Ian Botham parody. 'I played a gold-digging tart in *The Two Ronnies*. They are really funny guys.' And in the comedy series *Don't Wait Up*, Cindy was a Swedish au pair. Other credits include *Tuckers Luck*, *Smart Money* and *Call Me Mister*. But not all her TV appearances have been in comedy shows. 'In *Panorama* I played a Polish girl in a reconstruction of a heroin smuggling operation. And in the *East Enders* I was a nurse in the delivery room when Michelle was having her baby.' You might also have spotted Cindy in TV commercials for *Thompson Holidays*, *Nissan Cars*, *Trebor Mints*, *Milk* and *Kodak*.

Her TV shows include — Bob's Full House, The Two Ronnies, Mike Yarwood Show, East Enders, Panorama, Don't Wait Up

Cindy also featured in advertising leaflets for *Minolta* cameras and the *Halifax Building Society*. She has also notched up appearances as a *Star-bird* and *Page Three* girl. But Cindy is not just a pretty face. 'I plan to get involved with scriptwriting, and I'm helping a producer

with a film script at the moment.' There are two films in the pipeline with Cindy playing the lead roles, and she has been contracted to play in horror movies. 'I prefer acting to writing, but I enjoy both.' When Cindy gets any free time she enjoys dancing at *Stringfellows* or *Tramp*, or ice skating. 'I hate cooking and eat out a lot.'

Her TV commercials include — Thompson Holidays, Nissan Cars, Trebor Mints, Milk and Kodak

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QUEST

Age and experience have undoubted benefits for many sex lives. An older lover can often persuade a more youthful partner to be much more sexually adventurous than she, or he, might normally be. Yet the encounter can prove erotically enriching for both. This was the experience of the three interviewees in this month's Quest

Quest: Why do you prefer older men?
Temp: Because they know what they're doing, what they are. Younger men are usually too busy trying to show you how clever or macho they are. Or they keep asking what I want to do. If I'm going out with someone I like to be presented with a plan of action. I hate that feeling of no-one being in control
Quest: Do you mean sexually too?
Temp: Yes, to be honest! Younger men tend to roll over and go to sleep just when I'm getting warmed up. I didn't used to mind, because I liked sex anyway, and I thought climaxes were just when you got extra excited. But that was before Greg. He spoiled me.
Quest: He was an older lover?
Temp: Greg was 42, though he looked much younger. I met him when I was temping. He was about to leave his wife at the same time I was leaving a boyfriend. We just found it easy to talk to each other, but he didn't ask me out until I'd stopped working for him. He rang me at home, and asked if we could talk about me doing some work for him. It was obviously an excuse. I think he was afraid I'd accuse him of cradle-snatching.
Quest: How old were you then?'
Temp: Twenty-one. We met for the drink, then had dinner. He'd just moved out into a flat of his own, and he wondered if I'd advise him on decorating it — I'm actually quite good at things

PERSONAL FILE
Name .... Withheld
Sex .... Female
Age .... 25 years
Town of Origin ....
Edinburgh
Other details .... This attractive blonde interviewee trained as a secretary after leaving school and now works for a temping agency. She shares a flat with her fiancé.

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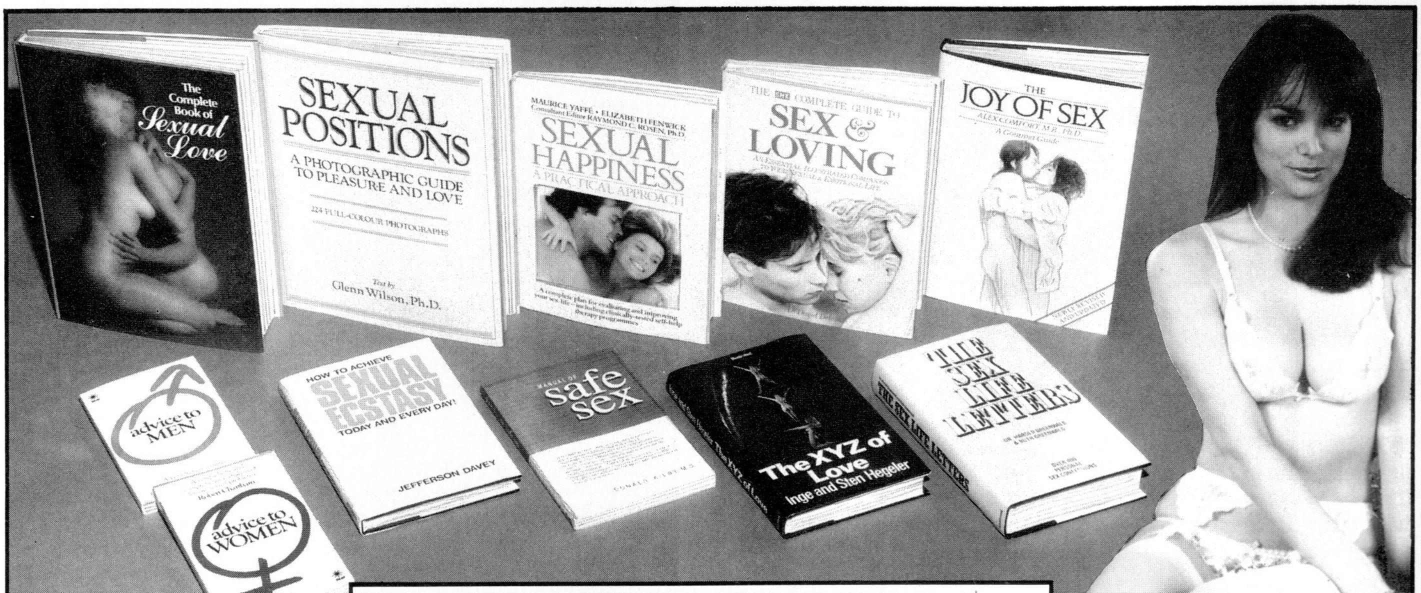
like that. So I offered to look at it straightaway.
Quest: Did you expect to have sex with him?
Temp: I thought we might. I wasn't involved with anyone, and I wasn't frustrated, but I did miss having sex. I was curious about Greg, too. If we got on so well out of bed it ought to be even better in.
Quest: Was it?
Temp: Yes! Though I think I pushed him into it. His flat was quite a way out of town, and he'd just given up his car. After we'd had a drink it was nearly two, so he offered to put me up. There was only one bedroom, and I assumed we'd sleep together. So while he was tidying up I undressed and got into bed — with my knickers and a slip on. When he came into the bedroom and saw me there his face just hit the floor. I found out later he'd been making up a sofa bed in the lounge! Then I panicked and told him it was fine if we just went to sleep, I didn't expect us to do anything. I suppose that was a challenge he couldn't back out of!
Quest: Go on.
Temp: He undressed to his underpants, got into bed and turned the light out. I still wasn't sure if I hadn't offended him. But then he leaned across and asked for a goodnight kiss. Just a peck at first, but I didn't move my lips away, and neither did he, and then we were opening our mouths and kissing properly, and he was rolling against me and holding me. It was obvious I didn't have my bra on, and by the lump sticking into my thigh he wasn't *that* upset with me. He began to bring his hands up under the edge of my slip.
Quest: You didn't try to stop him?
Temp: No, I wanted him to touch me. I wanted to see what he would do. He cupped both my boobs, and started to stroke them, smoothing his palms over my nipples, which of course sprang up like hat pegs! He was beautifully gentle. He was kissing my nipples, licking them, even

> **I used to walk round nude to see how long he could keep his hands off me**

squeezing them gently between his teeth. I was in seventh heaven, but then it occurred to me that he must be getting really frustrated. His *thing* felt like it was burning a hole in my tummy. So I said, 'You know I never came off the pill after I finished with my boyfriend.'
Quest: You wanted to have intercourse?
Temp: If he did, yes. I hadn't been so excited in ages. He reached down and began tugging at my knickers, so I reached down too and helped him pull them off me, and we did the same with his pants. Then I opened my legs and he got on top of me, and that was how we did it the first time.
Quest: Were you satisfied?
Temp: More than! I was gasping when he came into me, because he felt huge. Not that that always means anything, because I find I need opening up for the first few strokes. But he seemed to go up an awfully long way. Then he started moving, very very slowly, until his tip was almost popping out of me, and then deep into me again. Then, when I least expected it, he suddenly began pumping like a mad thing, jerking into me with short, sharp strokes, banging me right into the mattress. I didn't know what had hit me! But then he stopped dead, and started the slow, deep strokes again, except every now and then he'd worm his thing round and round in my pussy, first one way then the other.
Quest: Did you not enjoy that?
Temp: So many strange feelings were happening to my body all at once I didn't know what I felt. I even began to wish he'd just hurry up and finish. Every other man I'd been with had exploded long before this. Then Greg began pounding me again, only this time he didn't let up. I felt he was crushing me, suffocating me, beating my poor battered pussy into a pulp. I'm sure I went half off my head. I was shrieking at him, 'Don't — Don't! — Take it out of me! — Take it out! — You're an animal —! Animal —!' And then it all happened. It was literally like shooting stars in my head. I can't describe it. My whole body went *whoosh* in one incredible burst of feeling. When it was over I was shaking, sobbing like a baby. It was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to me. After that Greg could have been Quasimodo and I'd still have been besotted. He could do what he liked with me.
Quest: And did he?
Temp: For the first few months he just seemed bowled over by the fact that what he called a 'curvacious cutie' was so mad about him. But he'd been married nearly 15 years, and I don't think he'd been unfaithful. It'd been years — if ever — since his wife had told him he had a beautiful penis and she couldn't keep her hands off it.
Quest: How did the relationship progress?
Temp: I used to stay most weekends, and it became a game for me to get there before him, and always be in the shower, or just getting out when he arrived, so I'd never have more than a towel round me. Dozens of times he'd just pull me down on the carpet and do me there and then — some weekends we'd hardly use the bed at all! In a way I can't blame him for the games things, because I started them.
Quest: Are you saying things changed?
Temp: I think we were just *too* physical. All we did was screw. We never went anywhere. We didn't have any friends in common. In a situation like that it's very hard to stop getting mechanical, or going to extremes.
Quest: How do you mean?
Temp: Greg liked to see me walk about the flat naked. The idea was to see how long he could go before he had to leap on me. I enjoyed that. It was fun, and I can be a show-off when I like. But sometimes it would just go on and on, until I ended up almost begging him to have me. It wasn't me teasing him, it was the other way round. One time finished in an awful row, when it had gone on for half an afternoon. I'd actually stripped off at the end of lunch and washed up and put everything away, in the nude. Greg had the most enormous lump in his trousers, but he wouldn't let me unzip him. He kept telling me to be patient — it would make it all the better. Finally I started to get annoyed. I told him I was going to get dressed again, and I went into the living room to get my clothes. But then he called me back into the kitchen. He'd taken off his trousers and pants — he was only wearing an old shirt on top — and he was just standing there with the most gigantic erection sticking up in front of him. I must admit I'd never seen him look so big. Seeing it just stopped everything I was thinking, and I'm sure he could see it in my face. He called me over and said, 'Kneel down.' So I did, and my head was level with this great, thick, veined *thing*. I could smell the thick male smell. And he said, 'Lick it, suck it.'
Quest: Did you?
Temp: I knew it was just a kind of power game, which I didn't like at all. But being ordered like that, to do something that would have been really obscene with someone you didn't care about, just touched something in me. So I reached up and curled my fingers round him, and I brought his fat, round tip down my lips, and I gave him the best licking I think I've ever given anyone. I ran the tip of my tongue round and round his gland, I licked up one side of his shaft and down the other, I swallowed him right into the back of my throat. I even ran my tongue round each of his balls and into the crack of his bottom!
Quest: How did he react?
Temp: By breathing very hard, and twitching in my mouth! Then, all of a sudden, he snapped, 'That's enough. Now down on all fours.' So I did. I felt absolutely awash between my legs. If one of us didn't start to come in a few seconds I thought I'd die! I heard him get down behind me, and felt his warm breath on my back. I actually preferred him doing me from behind when we were both really worked up. But then he just touched me with the tip of his penis.
Quest: Where exactly?
Temp: In my pussy. He didn't touch my back, or steady himself against my hips, he certainly didn't kiss any part of me. He just slid his penis between my lips and began to pump it in and out. I was so wet he went in like a piston, but even when he was humping really hard his legs hardly touched the backs of my thighs. Doing it from behind is nice because it's like being had by someone faceless, but when all the fellow touches you with is *that* it's almost mechanical. It's as if all you are to him is — to put it crudely — a cunt. He's fucking that, not you.
Quest: So you weren't satisfied?
Temp: That's the worst part. I *was*, physically. He made me come before he shot off in me. But afterwards I felt almost sick. He kept saying. 'It's only a game, why are you so upset?' That was the beginning of the end. I knew I was like a real life



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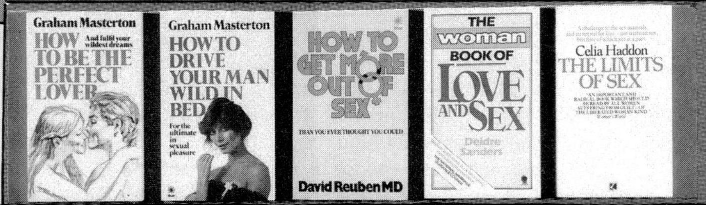

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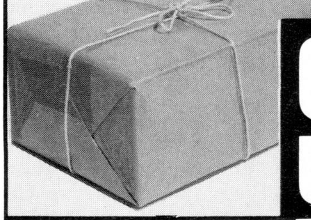

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nudie model to him, the sort of fantasy glamour girl who'd do all the naughty things he'd always dreamed about.

Quest: Are you bitter?

Temp: Oh no. Sometimes it's very nice to be someone's fantasy, but there has to be something else too — real feelings, which Greg and I had, and a real future, which we didn't. But at least he got me to experience things I'd never have dreamed of doing with someone my own age.

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Male
Age. . . . 29 years
Town of Origin. . . . Bury
Other details. . . . This interviewee joined a major bank after leaving school and is now a training officer. He married three years ago.

Quest: Do you find older women attractive?

Training Officer: I'll have to say yes because my wife is two months older than me! I do see fanciable women in their thirties and forties, but I mostly notice girls from their late teens to mid-twenties. Of course, when you're 18 or 19 yourself, they *are* older women.

Quest: Did they attract you then, more than girls your own age?

Training Officer: Oh God yes. Isn't it every skinny adolescent's fantasy to be seduced by some huge-bosomed older woman — of 24 or 25? Not that they have much interest in skinny adolescents.

Quest: That wasn't entirely true in your case, though, was it?

Training Officer: You mean, with Sandra? That was marvellous, but it was also incredibly awkward. She *was* my father's girlfriend.

Quest: And she seduced you?

Training Officer: Yes, though she did it to get at my father. She wanted to marry him, and he didn't want to get married again.

Quest: That didn't bother you?

Training Officer: It did when I worked it out. But then at that age — I was 19 — I'd have leapt through flaming hoops to be involved with someone like her.

Quest: How did it happen?

Training Officer: Before I joined the bank I toyed with the idea of accountancy. I actually started a course at a polytechnic down south, close to where my father lived. He offered me a room in his flat. It was a way of getting to know him. My parents divorced when I was eight. Sandra was living with my Dad.

Quest: How well did you know her?

Training Officer: Hardly at all. We'd only talked briefly on the phone. She never came up with my Dad when he visited the family. All I knew was that she was a nursing sister, she was 28 and she'd been with my father three years. He was in his mid-forties. I used to think how well he'd done for an old codger, getting off with a gorgeous dolly 16 years his junior!

Quest: Was she gorgeous?

Training Officer: She was very sexy. She was dark, average height, a good figure, a sultry rather than a pretty face. She had those slightly overblown looks Mediterranean women have sometimes. Very feminine, but quite sharp-tongued and forthright when she liked. She and Dad always seemed to be rowing. I thought it was about me, because she was barely polite to me at first. In fact they were arguing about getting married.

Quest: How did you react to her?

Training Officer: I was incredibly aware of her physically. One morning she rushed into the kitchen, looking for something, wearing just knickers and bra, and I nearly thrombo'd on the spot. I swear I came three times that night before I could sleep. I'd go scarlet and goggled-eyed when she took off her cape, let alone undid her top blouse button or straightened her tights. That's probably why her attitude to me changed. It was probably as disturbing to her as it was to me.

Quest: How did her attitude change?

Training Officer: She just started to take more notice of me, be a lot more friendly. I can't say it made me less aware of her — the opposite, in fact! But it started to change everything, especially after a birthday celebration my father arranged for me.

Quest: What happened?

Training Officer: Dad took all three of us out to dinner, then on to a local night club, which had a disco. Sandra liked dancing — Dad didn't — so I spent most of the evening bopping with her, right up to the slow, smoochy numbers when the lights went down. I expected her to go back to Dad, but she caught my arm and pulled it round her waist. Suddenly her boobs were pressing into my chest, our crotches were touching and we were shuffling round the floor. I'd been on a fair old high all evening — it was easy enough to imagine myself on a date with her — and the close physical contact did for me.

Quest: You got excited?

Training Officer: I started growing the most ginormous hard-on. I tried to ease our crotches apart, praying I'd deflate before the lights came up. But Sandra simply moved closer to me. I was as stiff as board — all over. My cock was stretching across my thigh and I could feel the tip against her stomach. There was no way she couldn't be aware of it. Then, quite snappily and matter-of-factly, she said, 'Oh don't worry about that. Just relax and enjoy yourself.' I couldn't believe it! Did that mean she fancied me too? I went home in a warm fog. Not that it lasted.

Quest: Why not?

Training Officer: About half an hour after everyone had gone to bed I got up to go to the loo, and passed the main bedroom, still a bit blotto from the evening. I heard a moan and, in my stupor, thought something was wrong, so I went up to the door. Sandra suddenly hissed from inside, 'Oh — oh — oh —' Then she began panting, and it went on and on and on — it didn't sound to me as if I was the one she fancied, which of course made what happened in the morning all the more startling.

Quest: Go on.

Training Officer: I didn't have classes until the afternoon, and Sandra didn't start till late, which is why we'd chosen the evening before to celebrate — even though Dad had to be at work on time. But I was too busy thinking about Sandra to remember that. So I just had a lie-in, assuming I had the flat to myself. That was how I came to be lying on my back in bed, without a stitch on, nursing a class 'A' hard-on and dreaming of Sandra. So when the door opened, and Sandra popped her head through, it took me a good four seconds to work out I wasn't hallucinating. Then the awfulness of it hit me, and I jerked the top sheet over my waist, pressing my cock down to stop it from showing.

Quest: How did Sandra react to that?

Training Officer: She wasn't shocked or outraged, though she could hardly have missed what I was doing. She just gave a slight smile and said, 'I see you're up already.' Then she came in. 'I thought I'd find out if you'd recovered from last night. You drank quite a bit. But you seem fit enough to me.' She was still in her dressing gown, a long quilted thing down to her ankles, and she stopped by the bed, looking down at me, as if she expected me to say something. Then, to my surprise, she sat down on the edge of the mattress. 'I had a lovely time,' she said. 'Did you?' I had no idea what was happening. She never came into my room normally, and at this moment I was hardly up to polite chat. I croaked something, and she nodded, then glanced down at my waist. She said, 'Are you uncomfortable?'

Quest: What did you say?

Training Officer: I don't think I said anything. It was one of those bizarre moments when you feel literally anything can happen. You're so keyed up time seems to stop. All you can hear is

> **'We do this for our friskier male patients,' she said, pulling my sheet away'**

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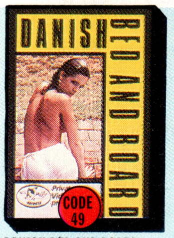

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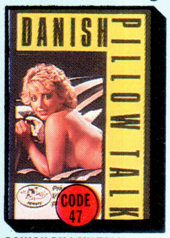

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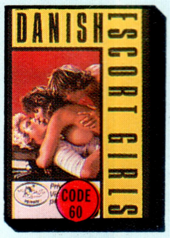

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the blood pounding through your head. 'Let me see,' she said, and I watched as she reached over, took hold of the sheet and pulled it off the bottom half of my body. I was still gripping my shaft, and she tutted. 'Take your hand away,' she said. 'I *am* a nurse. I've seen plenty of them before.' So I let go, and my cock dutifully bounced up, almost unchanged from before. She seemed quite unfazed. She just looked and gave that tiny smile again, and said, 'I see you've inherited the best part of your father.' Then she glanced round. 'Have you got a tissue?' she asked. I reached back under the pillow, and pulled out a handkerchief. She took it from me, said, 'Just relax now.' And, to my astonishment, she stretched out and curled her fingers round the base of my shaft. I nearly shot through the ceiling!

Quest: You mean you ejaculated?'

Training Officer: Almost. It was a purely nervous spasm. But Sandra didn't let go. She frowned, and she said, 'Hold on now.' I was just gasping, blinking, muttering, 'Christ —' 'Don't you like it?' she said. I was shaking my head in disbelief. 'It's something we do for some of the friskier male patients,' she said. 'It's better than having them leaping on nurses. Tell me if I'm going too fast.' I shook my head again. Her fingers were so cool, gripping firmly but gently. I kept glancing down at her hand drawing my foreskin up and down in long slow strokes, unable to believe it. The fact that she made it seem so normal, so *acceptable* was the most onturning part of it all. Why had I never met women like this before? I think my disbelief was the only thing that kept me from spouting like a gusher. She started asking me about girlfriends. I hadn't brought anyone back to the flat. Did I see anyone at home? I didn't of course. Then she asked if I'd slept with many girls. Since the answer was zero. I muffed that one. And then she said, 'I'm sure you'll do alright. You seem well equipped to me.' That did it. I groaned as I felt the surge begin. Sandra snatched up the handkerchief, and it flew out of her hand onto the carpet. She swore — I groaned — and suddenly her head was dropping down over my crotch, her hair spreading across my stomach and her lips closing over the tip of my cock. She gave the tiniest groan as I pumped out, then as I pumped again I was clutching at her, reaching down for her boobs, gasping out her name. Then the last spasm came, and I was aware of her breathing hard, and I was slumping back, shattered. When I'd got my breath back she'd left the room. She went straight from the bathroom to her bedroom, and off to work without saying another word.

Quest: Did you expect a repeat of the incident?

Training Officer: I prayed hard enough for it, but she was on nights the next few days and I didn't see her for a while. Then one night Dad and I had a drink because he was feeling a bit low, and he told me he thought Sandra was having an affair with a much younger man. He thought it was someone at the hospital. He didn't have any evidence, just clues she'd let drop. Apparently it was her way of letting my father know there were other fish in the sea.

Quest: Did you believe there was another man?

Training Officer: If there was, I'm sure she'd only strung him along the way she'd done me. She was obviously very keen on tying the knot with Dad. But he didn't want anything formal any more. I went home for a weekend and when I got back she'd moved out, so that was that. And I still haven't found out if attractive sisters really

QUEST

do relieve friskier male patients!

Quest: Thank you.

22/9 Quest

PERSONAL FILE

Name....Withheld
Sex....Female
Age....40 years
Town of Origin....
Beckenham
Other details....This interviewee attended art school and now designs and markets children's clothes. She is divorced and lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: Are you aware of older men having a formative influence on you sexually?

Designer: Oh yes. I think there are basically two types of women. The sort who find out about sex with boyfriends their own age, and generally end up marrying them or living with them. And the sort who are initiated by 'father figures'. Those are usually older more experienced men the girls become infatuated with, and the men respond by exploiting them rotten. By and large the second sort of women have more fun!

Quest: I thought for a minute you were objecting.

Designer: Not really, because it's almost always a two-way process. Most women know, or at least suspect, when they're being taken for a ride. But they either don't care, because they've got a marvellous excuse to do all the rude things they've wondered about, or they think all men are like that. Which they are, of course, but only a few have the courage to do anything about it!

Quest: You obviously belong to the second kind.

Designer: Yes, but it was easier for me. I was in my twenties in the late sixties, and I was also at art school. Sex was supposed to be the great liberating experience, along with LSD. No one worried about AIDS then. Virgin was a dirty word. If you weren't being banged silly by some hairy, would-be rock musician every Saturday night you were obviously repressed.

Quest: You believed that?

Designer: I was in two minds, like most girls I knew. I used to wear mini-skirts with just thin briefs underneath, and kaftans without anything. But most of the people I slept with were reasonably long term relationships. I was fairly sure I'd end up with someone around my age, but I never expected to learn much off them about sex. That would have to come from someone

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QUEST

quite a bit older — in fact, like the man I got involved with. Declan was 30, which was about as experienced as you could get in those days without being ancient.

Quest: Who was he?

Designer: The sort of man I'd avoid like the plague these days! Very extrovert, very opinionated, attractive rather than handsome, Irish, *very* sexy, extremely lecherous, usually drunk and a born liar. He was doing postgraduate work and he fitted in some teaching at the art school — history of art, I think. Actually he was a pretty rotten teacher, but he always had enough women signing up for his classes. Even the boys liked him because he'd go drinking with them.

Quest: But he had an effect on the girls?

Designer: He had a big enough effect on me! Two or three girls claimed he'd whisked them back to his flat and done awful, wonderful things to them. But it wasn't just the sex I wanted. It was the idea of being swept away by this romantic, roguish swine, who seemed to know exactly what he wanted from life, and generally got it. Looking back, I must have gone into his classes with my tongue hanging on the floor. I was very easy pickings. I don't think he could resist that.

Quest: So he approached you?

Designer: After one class I asked him where I could find more details about something he'd mentioned. He told me he had a book I could borrow. Why didn't I drop by and collect it one evening? I immediately leapt in with a date, and he said fine. I spent half a day getting myself ready for that visit. My great fear was that he'd simply hand me the book, and that would be that.

Quest: Was it that?

Designer: No, and if I'd known the slightest about men, I'd have realised what to expect. He invited me in, gave me a drink, put some music candlelight. He thought that was marvellous.

Quest: So you stripped in front of him?

Designer: I wasn't wearing a bra under a long dress, which I just had to pull over my head. I was going to leave my knickers on, but then I saw Declan pulling off his jeans, and he wasn't wearing underpants. He squatted down on the carpet in a Lotus position, about four or five feet away, which made me feel less nervous. But he was naked, so I tugged my pants off quickly and squatted down facing him. He had a very nice body, actually — much more developed than the weedy youths I was used to. 'That's fine,' he smiled. 'Now let's relax ourselves with a mantra I know.' I can't remember what it was but basically it was a deep, humming noise you felt in the pit of your stomach. And the longer we made it — after I'd got it right — the more relaxed I did feel. I even closed my eyes. Then I heard Declan say, 'Now the next stage is to bring the body alive. I want you to rest your hands on your knees, spread you fingertips and then slowly, slower than the ticking of a clock, bring them up to your body, barely touching the surface of the skin. Let your tiniest hairs tickle your fingertips. That's it. Can't you feel your flesh tingle? Can't you feel the tingling spread?' In fact, I could, but that might have had more to do with Declan than anything else!

Quest: You mean you were turned on?

> **'We can be naked together,' he told me, 'without any distracting thoughts of sex'**

on he thought I'd enjoy. We didn't even mention the book until we were on our second bottle of wine. By then we were squatting on the carpet, the joss-sticks were burning and I was pleasantly squiffy. He was telling me about Tantric yoga, which, as far as I could gather, was the same as ordinary yoga, except that you did it with someone of the opposite sex, both nude, and halfway through you had intercourse, but neither of you were allowed to come. This was typical mind-boggling Declan chat, which I lapped up, convincing myself this was what it was all about, when all of a sudden he said, 'Shall we give it a try, then?' My face must have looked a treat, because he added quickly, 'Just the early stages, of course. I realise you're only a beginner.'

Quest: What did you do?

Designer: I did what he said.

Quest: He was obviously a very lucky man.

Designer: Extremely lucky! I made a snap decision, but it wasn't easy. I didn't want him to lose interest. I hid some of my embarrassment, at least, by suggesting it would be better by

Designer: I was, but I felt high, and liberated too. I didn't realise how sexual it all was until I brought my hands up onto my breasts and suddenly realised my nipples were like thimbles. Immediately Declan said, 'Don't be afraid of the erotic. It's a perfectly natural part of the experience. Learn to use it. This is one of the marvels of this Aquarian age. Here we are, a man and a very attractive young woman, and we feel free enough to be naked together without distracting thoughts of sex or seduction.'

Quest: Wasn't that wishful thinking?

Designer: Especially when I opened my eyes, and saw that Declan had a very obvious hard-on! Even he managed a blush then. 'The lingam has a will of its own,' he said. 'It can't help reacting to a beautiful female body, but I can make use of that blind instinct.'

Quest: I'm sure he could. Go on.

Designer: My heart was thundering away by now. I didn't know whether to ignore him, or keep a weather eye open, or what. At least there was no doubt that he fancied me! So I made an

effort to go on, or at least pretended to. I brought my fingertips back down to my body, and all the time Declan's voice droned in the background, urging me on, encouraging me. Except this time, when I got to my thighs, he told me to go down, between them, until I felt the first curls of my pubic hair. I hesitated again, then, but Declan was still sitting opposite me — still erect! — and he told me to shut my eyes again, and keep moving. 'Right down into your deepermost folds,' he said. 'Don't be afraid of the yoni. Let your fingertips trace its subtle whorls and folds. It's the seat of life, the seat of your female power. Its softness and its moistness rule the world.'

Quest: Were you actually touching your labia?

Designer: Not in the way I'm sure he wanted. I was brushing my lips, yes, enough to feel that I was very swollen and very wet. Then he said, 'Now search for the trigger of your power. Feel for the sweet button of joy —' And then I did stop. 'I can't do that,' I told him. 'Not in front of someone —' Declan was just smiling at me. 'These are outdated attitudes,' he said. 'All flesh is beautiful. Why should one small part be any more shameful than another? Listen to your feelings, or you can't grow. Let me show you —'

Quest: Did he?

Designer: He got up, his erection wobbling in front of him. I tried as well, but I was so shaky I only succeeded in slipping backwards. By then he was sitting beside me, leaning over me and urging me to stretch out on my back. 'It's much more comfortable,' he said. And, as he reached across me to straighten out my arm, his forearm brushed the stiff tip of my nipple. I jerked as if I'd had an electric shock! Then suddenly he seemed to be everywhere. A hand was stroking my head, his lips were touching my breast, another hand was sliding between my legs, a finger came right down on the very tip of my clitoris. It was like being cleaved down the middle. I was grunting, and heaving my hips up off the carpet in little spasms. Then I heard Declan, his voice very thick now, 'Yes, I think the moment is here . . .' And he was on me, quite quickly, as if he thought I'd panic and run off at the last minute, which was the very last thing on my mind! His cock slid straight into me, and suddenly he was doing the deed, gasping and pushing away in a very unserene way.

Quest: But you liked it?

Designer: I loved it! I couldn't believe how wonderful it felt. And I think he was pretty carried away too, because we'd hardly been going any time before he sucked in breath suddenly and his face changed, and I realised his moment had arrived. Even then he still found time for blarney. 'It's coming —' he hissed. 'It's coming — this is my gift for you womb — take my seed — take it — *take it —!*' And he groaned, and I felt him jerking and twitching inside me, and I don't know if it was his excitement, or the reminder that it really was his seed, and we might actually be making a baby, because he hadn't taken any precautions, but my own orgasm tore through me almost in the same instant. It was a glorious moment.

Quest: Was it repeated?

Designer: Three or four times, but without the lingam-yoni blarney. I'd gone on the pill by then, but I'd also begun to realise Declan was easing away from a close involvement. There were a couple more 'father figures', but he was the most outrageous, and the most fun.

Quest: Thank you.

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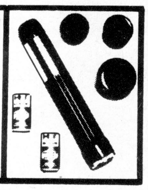

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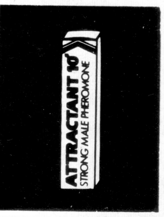

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

The barbecues held in our street
Are not for the shy or effete.
The girls serve the food,
Strip off and dance nude,
Whilst the chefs stand beating their meat.

Religious leaders from all over the world were invited to an inter-denominational conference on the subject of family planning. It was very well attended — only the Vatican representative had to pull out at the last moment.

Great Quotes of our Time:
Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore's Pete and Dud dialogues covered many topics, but perhaps their favourite was their sexual fantasies. In one sketch, first broadcast in 1965, Pete and Dud are discussing the famous sexy film stars who have visited their delapidated houses in the night. Dud describes his surprise encounter with Jane Russell:
'So I get into bed, you know, turn the covers back, and it's warm in bed. I thought, "Funny," being warm like that, and I get into bed, turn out the light and just as I was going off to kip, I feel a hand on my cheek.'
'Which cheek was that, Dud?'
'Left upper.'

What's the definition of a mistress?
Something between a mister and a mattress.

George and Ethel lay in the bed of their cheap Spanish holiday hotel, unwittingly listening to the sounds coming from the ajoining rooms. Suddenly there was a series of high pitched female screams.
'Good grief, George,' said Ethel, 'it sounds like the lady upstairs is having a fit.'
'Aye,' replied George wistfully, 'and a bloody tight one and all.'

Mayfair's Thought for the Month:
There are few things more expensive than a girl who's free for the evening.

A Harley Street doctor placed an advertisement in *The Times* claiming that he could diagnose any ailment simply by testing a sample of the patient's urine.
'I say, look at this,' brayed one Hooray Henry spotting the ad. 'I bet he can't diagnose my tennis elbow.'
'I bet he can,' said his friend. 'My girl, Daphne, says he's brilliant.'
'Okay, you're on,' said the Sloane, and made an appointment to see the urologist.
Just to make certain he won his bet, he decided to cheat a little. Instead of a phial of urine, he mixed a little of his with some of his cat's, a few drops from an obliging neighbour and his girlfriend. Then he took the cocktail to be tested along to the Harley Street Clinic.
'Ah very interesting,' said the doctor, when the young man handed him the phial of various types of pee. 'Now let me see . . .'
There was a long pause whilst the doctor subjected the liquid to all manner of tests, and each time the doctor looked more puzzled. The Hooray Henry was convinced that he had won his bet.
'So what's wrong, doc?' he asked, with a triumphant smirk on his face.
'Well, it's worse than I first thought. It seems you girlfriend has VD, your neighbour has kidney trouble, your cat has mange, and if you don't stop jerking off you'll never cure your tennis elbow.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Following his stay in the capital, Jock was presented with the hotel bill.
'My God, London must be the most expensive place in the world,' he complained. 'Why back in Glasgow you can drink as much as you like without paying, get a free meal at the best restaurant and then be paid £30 to stay at a top class hotel.'
'I find that rather hard to believe, sir,' replied the hotel cashier. 'Has that actually happened to you?'
'Och no,' he replied, 'but my wife does it all the time.'

A local radio reporter was sent to interview a lady with no fewer than 15 children all of them boys.
'Now tell, me,' asked the reporter. 'What's this little chap's name?'
'William,' replied the mother proudly.
'And what about this one?'
'William,' smiled the lady. The reporter looked bemused but carried on.
'And what about this little boy?'
'William,' came the reply.
'They're not all called William, are they?' joked the reporter.
'Oh yes,' said the lady cheerfully.
'But how do you distinguish between them, say if you want to call one of them?'
'Oh that's easy,' replied the mother. 'They've all got different surnames.'

Crossing Oxford Street, a rather timid man was run over by a taxi. Immediately a lady rushed to help him as he lay unconscious in the middle of the road. She lent over him and started to loosen his collar. As she did, a medical dog tag popped out on a chain. It read, 'I am a masochist. In the event of an accident please wait for two hours before calling an ambulance.'

The Mayfair Book Society

All readers of Mayfair are members of the Book Society

SEXUAL POSITIONS

One of our all-time top-selling books, *Sexual Positions* is so popular that we are responding to your requests for a hardback edition. This book depicts the sheer horniness of sex like no other we have ever seen. A beautiful naked woman gives herself completely to a handsome man. And this is portrayed in 224 superb full-colour photos. This volume will take pride of place in the collection of any connoisseur of erotica. It is a book to be savoured alone or enjoyed with a loving partner as you embark on a voyage of sexual discovery and fulfilment.

NOW IN HARDBACK £9

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

In 42 full-page photos a man and a woman demonstrate a wide variety of love-making positions. In this honest, practical and liberated guide to the physical side of sex, author Mogens Toft describes how a woman can manipulate her own and her lover's erotogenic zones for heightened pleasure.

£6.95

DEAR DOC

The ideal reference book for both men and women, *Dear Doc* answers all those questions about sex and sex-related activities that have puzzled, and sometimes frightened, people for years. The author, Dr David Delvin MB FPA Cert, a medical writer for many years, has chosen over 150 queries from his vast file of correspondence, and provides full and frank answers to them all. Why worry when *Dear Doc* is at hand, and at such a reasonable price?

£3

The Most Rewarding Sex Book Ever

Sexual Happiness is the most sophisticated guide to physical love we've encountered, offering a tried and tested practical means of evaluating and improving your sex life. It highlights in an easy-to-use form — aided by the most intimate of illustrations including oral sex and penetration — the differences and similarities between the feelings of men for women, and vice versa. It is the first step towards removing the obtacles that limit your enjoyment of sex. Written by Maurice Yaffé, senior clinical psychologist at Guy's Hospital, and Elizabeth Fenwick, a respected medical writer, *Sexual Happiness* will help you establish your own sexual identity. *Sexual Happiness* is available in three forms — the limpback *Sexual Happiness For Women* (£6.95); the limpback *Sexual Happiness For Men* (£6.95) or a hardback edition combining both the previous books (£12).

SEXUAL HAPPINESS — A Practical Approach £12

This is the deluxe hardback edition which combines the above two volumes, and is a complete plan for evaluating and improving your sex life, with the emphasis on self analysis and self help. Ideal for the couple at home, it nevertheless offers practical and confidence-boosting advice for both unattached men and women. It deals constructively with the rich and diverse pattern of human sexuality.

SEXUAL HAPPINESS FOR MEN £6.95

This volume adopts the same five chapters as the women's version, but each aspect is dealt with from the man's point of view. Subjects covered under the 'Problem Charts' chapter include low self-esteem, masturbation, premature ejaculation, and in the chapter 'The Man With A Steady Partner' advice is offered on dealing with sex drive discrepancies, avoiding sexual boredom, infidelity and jealousy.

SEXUAL HAPPINESS FOR WOMEN £6.95

In part one you discover your sexual profile, and depending on the answers, you are guided to the next relevant section of the book, which may include the 'problem charts'. There are five chapters: Sex Profile; Problem Charts; Ways To Improve Your Sex Life; a section dealing with the woman who has a steady partner; and a single woman. There's advice on how to perform oral sex; best positions for deep penetration; how to choose a vibrator and how to use it; and how a woman can give herself pleasure in other ways.

To: Mayfair Book Society: 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
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M229

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Gail of laughter

On page 40, we welcome back to *Mayfair* 20-year-old Gail Thackray. Gail is one of the stars of our *Girls of Summer* issue, and proved so popular, we decided to run her again — this time dressed in her frilly lingerie. Gail was born and brought up in Leeds, but as regular readers know, now lives in Los Angeles, where her career is going very nicely. She has just finished an 18 month acting course, and is making a name for herself in a variety of roles. She played a demure English maid in a cable TV production of *The Secret Files of Sherlock Holmes,* but specialises in raucous comedies. She has just finished *Party Favors,* where she leads a group of dancers into a series of misadventures. At one point she runs a pizza parlour where the food is so poor she has it thrown at her every morning. 'I got quite used to it,' giggled Gail who still retains her Yorkshire accent with just a hint of Californian. She was so popular in *Party Favors* that she has been booked for the sequel, *Party Plane*, an *Airplane*-style parody. The films are made by Vestron, and should be available on video in Britain, though sadly not until next year at the earliest. By which time, if we know Gail, she'll be very well known indeed.

OUR GAIL THACKRAY AS SEEN IN *GIRLS OF SUMMER,* NOW BEING PELTED WITH PIZZAS FOR A LIVING (SEE LEFT)

SexFax?

Are you a yuppy? Oh ya! Then you'll know all about the filofax. For the uninitiated, the filofax is a central repository for all those bits and pieces you keep losing, so you can lose them all at once instead. What's more you can buy all sorts of 'useful' information to put in them — video lighting charts, A-to-Z's of New York and a £1.10 Tube map almost identical to the one London Regional Transport give away free. Now the yuppy who finds himself unexpectedly upwardly mobile with a nubile 'yuppess' can also be prepared. *Safe Fax*, though not made by the Filofax company is a neat leather holder for four condoms which fits snugly between the pastel pages of your personal organiser. And what's more it only costs £21.95! Not that much to pay to impress the girl of your dreams with your street cred. However, you have to remember to take your filofax to bed, but at those prices, it's probably more expensive than the lady anyway.

Alas, poor Whitehouse!

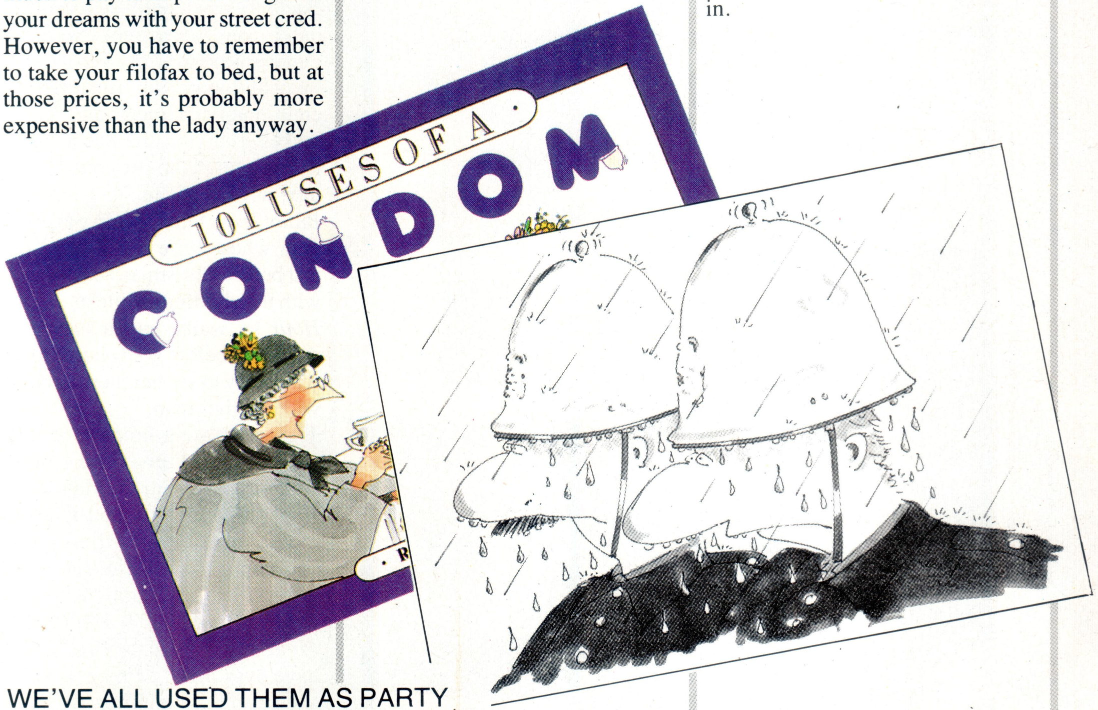
Foot-in-mouth disease is nowhere more dangerous than on the radio, and the Wolverhampton-based Beacon Radio became an unfortunate victim recently. *Mayfair's* Clive Harris had been invited to contribute to a phone-in discussion on the subject of men's magazines along with members of the public, and a gentleman from the National Viewers and Listeners Association (Mary Whitehouse's organisation). Wayne Bodkin (yes, really!), the show's host, started by introducing the guests.

'On the line is a member of the National Viewers and Listeners Association whose most famous member is Mary Whitehouse, alas from Wolverhampton.'

'I'd just like to point out that it was you who said "alas" not me,' replied our man.

'No, no, I meant a *lass* from Wolverhampton,' said Bodkin hurriedly.

But it was too late, hilarity had set in.



WE'VE ALL USED THEM AS PARTY BALLOONS, BUT THERE'S LOTS MORE YOU CAN DO WITH A DUREX IF RUSSELL JONES' *101 USES OF A CONDOM* (GRUB STREET £2.95) IS TO BE BELIEVED. AT THIS RATE THEY'LL BE MAKING THINGS ON *BLUE PETER* WITH THEM BEFORE YOU KNOW IT

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

DISCS

If the name Sheena Easton conjures up images of a cute Scottish lass bopping around on *Top of the Pops* singing *Modern Girl*, then it's time to think again. Sheena, who has notched up massive international success over the last seven years, has adopted a sexy sultry new look to match her latest album. **No Sound But A Heart** (EMI) is an album purely of ballads and mid-tempo songs which give Sheena the opportunity to show just how moving and compelling her voice, which has matured and deepened since the early hits, can be. From the opening *Eternity,* written by Prince, to the riveting duet with Eugene Wilde, *What If We Fall in Love?*, Sheena tackles the ups and downs of romance, portraying hope, vulnerability, fear and sensuality. This album firmly establishes her as one of our leading contemporary female vocalists.

Another moving female singer but with a totally different style is Judy Mowatt. Recorded in her native Jamaica and in the US, **Love is Overdue** (Greensleeves) is a delightful mixture of reggae and soul. Judy's voice has an incredible range, and she is equally at home on the powerful defiant *Screwface,* a Bob Marley song, as she is on a haunting version of Otis Redding's classic *Try a Little Tenderness.*

It has been a generally good month for reggae fans, with a new offering from The Mighty Diamonds, one of Jamaica's leading vocal groups. **The Real Enemy** (Greensleeves) was produced by Augustus 'Gussie' Clarke, and the three singers are backed by leading session musicians. For anyone wanting to explore the wide range of reggae styles, The **Greensleeves Sampler** (Greensleeves) covers the whole spectrum ranging from the dub sound of Scientist to the boastful rapper Yellowman, and the Cool Ruler himself, Gregory Isaacs' soulful voice. Each of the ten tracks is a real winner, and the album is even priced cheaply.

Two of the all-time greatest reggae musicians, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, have foresaken the traditional 'roots' style for a more cosmopolitan dancefloor beat. **Rhythm Killers** (Island) features original numbers like their hit single *Boops* as well as reworkings of classics such as the Ohio Players' *Fire* or *Yes We Can Can*, made famous by the Pointer Sisters. Sly and Robbie have gathered some superb musicians for the album, and it all adds up to irresistible dance music which will put life into any party.

For more reflective late night listening after your guests have gone home and you're sitting amongst the empty bottles and general debris, you can't beat Ted Hawkins' third release, **Happy Hour** (Windows on the World). Backed occasionally by a country band, and sometimes by blues guitarist Robert Cray, Ted sings of love and hardship in a husky, emotionally charged voice which makes it obvious he has actually lived through the pain rather than just written about it. *Cold and Bitter Tears* tells the sorry tale of a man whose wife has walked out just before Christmas, leaving him with the children, while on *Happy Hour* he walks into a bar for a quick one before going home to his wife, only to see her there dancing with another man.

The songs are a mixture of self-penned numbers and cover versions like Curtis Mayfield's *Gypsy Woman,* and Ted is at his most effective when just accompanying himself with powerfully strummed guitar chords. Incidentally, *You Pushed My Head Away* is the first blues I have ever heard dealing with the subject of cunninlingus. Don't expect to hear it on the radio! With his unique blend of soul, blues and country, Ted, at his best, can rival any other living singer. And to think that only two years ago he was busking on the beach in California.

Peter Hopkin

THE SEXY NEW-LOOK SHEENA EASTON. HER NEW ALBUM IS AS SULTRY AS SHE IS

FILMS

'It's not that I'm frustrated,' 16-year-old schoolgirl Rita (Siobhan Finneran) confides to her close friend Sue (Michelle Holmes). 'It's just that I really fancy a jump!' There are jumps aplenty for **Rita, Sue and Bob Too** (18), a raucous, randy, utterly captivating mini-epic about life, but mainly loves, on the wrong side of Bradford.

Rita and Sue live on a local council estate in an environment only a bulldozer could improve. But they babysit for flash, fortyish, roving-eyed Bob (George Costigan) who lives in a smart suburban dream home with an even smarter, but frigid wife (Lesley Sharp). One night Bob runs his babysitters home via the moors. 'Do you know what a Durex is?' he asks by way of a conversational opener, parked now up a secluded sideroad. 'Oh', says Sue, with a look of mock innocence, 'you mean a *rubber johnny!*' Producing one, Bob offers to demonstrate its use, and promptly does with Sue, while Rita watches boredly, until it's her turn. Soon the two girls are skipping school for illicit threesomes, a randy idyll that only goes wrong when a friend informs Bob's wife. It's a raw slice of life that smacks you in the eye, and then bowls you over by its sheer exuberance. From humping (with clothes on) to moments of wild

hilarity, every scene is a revelation. Go out of your way to see it.

Meanwhile, on the far side of the galaxy, the evil inhabitants of the planet **Spaceballs** (PG), having foolishly squandered their atmosphere by too much heavy breathing, are about to suck up every drop of air from their peaceful neighbour, planet Druidia. Dastardly Lord Dark Helmet (actor Rick Moranis under an over-sized Darth Vader head piece) plans to blackmail Druidia's ruler into submission by kid-napping his spoilt, wayward daughter, Princess Vespa (Daphne Zuniga). 'Funny,' someone comments, 'she doesn't look Druish.' But Helmet has reckoned without scruffy, macho space bum Lone Starr (Bill Pullman) who plies the spaceways in his rocket-powered Winnebago camper with his faithful companion, Barf, half man and half dog. Then there's the diminutive, gold-skinned sage Yoghurt (Mel Brooks), dispensing the all-conquering power of the Schwartz.

Sounds *Star Wars*-like? Brooks is the clue. Having spoofed Broadway, Westerns, Franken-stein and Hitchcock, he turns to space opera. The result is good rather than great simply because *Star Wars* spoofed itself so well first time round. But Brooks fans will not be disappointed, particularly when actor John Hurt revives the nastiest moment from **Alien** in what has to be the best bad taste SF joke of all time.

There are some nasty moments, too, in modern-day New England when two divorcees and a widow, soon to be stigmatised as **The Witches of Eastwick** (15), get drunk one night and dream up the ideal man who is missing from their lives: 'handsome, but not too handsome . . . with a dark secret in his past' . . . and medium-sized wedding tackle. Can it be coincidence that mysterious, wealthy, over-sexed stranger, Daryl Van Horne (Jack Nicholson) immediately takes up residence in the local mansion and proceeds to seduce each of the women — played by Cher, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer — in exactly the way she has always desired? Why is it that his appearance is always marked by the faint buzzing of flies? And what causes such odd things to happen when he's alone with them — like a tennis game where the ball halts in mid-air, or a swimming pool party where all three women levitate? A superb comedy thriller with some telling and adult things to say about the female view of sex.

JACK NICHOLSON GETS BLOWN OUT BY SUSAN SARANDON, MICHELLE PFEIFFER AND CHER IN *THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK*

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More telling is director Bill Douglas' recreation of the story of the Tolpuddle Martyrs, the six **Comrades** (15) who in 1834 were sentenced to seven years transportation for forming an illegal trade union after their wages as Dorset farm workers had been cut to virtual starvation level. The film traces their story from the first stirrings of revolt to their travails in pioneer Australia to their eventual pardoning and return to England (incredibly only one failed to survive the ordeal).

An intimate tale, despite ranging so wide and lasting two hours, it convincingly evokes the rigours and the beauty of 19th century rural England, though its documentary style sits uneasily beside the 'Wicked Squire' depiction of the workers' wage-cutting employer, Frampton, played with relish by Robert Stephens.

Gerald Cole

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JOHN ALLUM

ZARA

When it comes to turning men on, full-breasted Zara Malyan is a firm believer in the power of stockings. 'I love them because I feel more feminine,' said our sexy 18-year-old. 'I also think men can somehow tell if you're wearing them.' And when it comes to dressing her 36-24-36 figure for an

evening's clubbing, Zara maintains it is what is *almost* revealed that turns guys on. 'I wear tight skirts with a split at the side and black stockings, and I like to leave something to their imagination.' Zara prefers older men in their mid-thirties.'They know how to treat a lady, and don't take you for granted. I tend to go for City Gent types who will take me out for a meal and then a club.'

Zara commutes every day from Dartford, Kent, to the Westminster Hospital where she is a secretary. A former Inner London schoolgirl gymnastics champion, she had planned a career as a PE teacher before getting bored with school and leaving with seven 'O' Levels. 'I wasn't looking forward

to another six years,' she explained. But Zara still keeps in tiptop shape, and is liable to go into the splits at the drop of a hat, 'Just to prove I can still do it.' She takes regular keep fit and aerobic classes as well as playing squash, volleyball and tennis. 'I enjoy spoiling myself with beauty treatments, saunas, Jacuzzis and steam baths. I also work out with weights every night to keep myself firm.'

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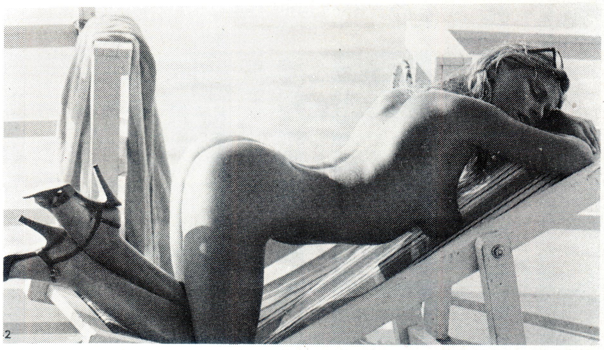

Sian Adey Jones was in Vol 20 No 1. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 19 Nos 3, 8 and 10 and Vol 20 Nos 1 and 3 for £3.75. But be quick!

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LETTERS

continued from page 10

many girls, so when a friend of mine in Reading invited me to a party there recently I did not hesitate.

Unfortunately the party was a wash out. I missed the last train home, and just after midnight I found myself alone in the living room of my friend's digs, stretching out on an old mattress. Having made a point of staying sober, I was still wide awake and decided to watch the late film. My friend had crashed out upstairs, and I thought the rest of the house was empty, so I didn't bother to keep the volume down.

At about two o'clock, just as the film was ending, I was dozing in an armchair when the door opened and a tall, slender blonde girl burst in and began complaining angrily about the noise. Apparently she had a room on the ground floor and the noise of the television had made it impossible for her to sleep. All she seemed to be wearing was a tee-shirt-cum-night dress which only came halfway down her thighs, and didn't hide much of a pair of taut, up-pointing breasts. She was really very sexy.

After I'd explained that I hadn't realised she was there, she stopped berating me and sat down opposite me, playing quietly with strands of her long, blonde hair, before talking some more.

The conversation flourished for a while, then died down, and she flitted out to the kitchen. She returned with a large bowl of blancmange and a couple of yoghurts, sat down again and began tucking in eagerly. I asked if she normally had a midnight feast and she nodded, her mouth full, and smiled cheekily.

What followed was a timeless moment, unequalled even in my dreams. She put down her yoghurt, stood up, gripped the bottom of her tee-shirt and pulled it up over her head, and off. Underneath she wore nothing at all, her body slim and gorgeous, her breasts incredibly full and rounded. Smiling at me, she squatted down, dug her hands into the bowl of blancmange and, scooping out two handfuls, began to massage the sticky pink goo slowly into her breasts.

When the bowl was empty she picked up a tub of yoghurt, crawled across the floor to me and pulled down the zip of my trousers, which by now was straining under the pressure of a thundering great erection. As it sprang into view, she looked up at me, chuckled and carefully dripped a thin stream of the yoghurt along the length of my shaft. When she'd done, she took hold of me and began to smooth the cool liquid gently into my throbbing flesh, until it became obvious that if she handled me any longer I'd be contributing some sticky liquid of my own!

Then she got up and stood watching me as I quickly pulled off my own clothes. Entering into the spirit of things, I poured some yoghurt into my hand, went over to the girl and smeared it between her open thighs, making her gasp out loud.

Almost at once we were all over each other, sinking to the floor as my hands scooped her slippery breasts. We rolled about the carpet, our bodies slapping together, and she breathed in my ear, 'I've always wanted to do this!' Then I slithered on top of her and we began to screw, the squelching sounds almost drowning her moans.

Just as I was about to come, she stopped and said, 'You'll have to pull out — I'm not on the pill.' Reluctantly I did, and she pulled me toward her mouth, alternately licking and stroking me until I exploded.

Afterwards she licked all the yoghurt off my penis, massaged me back to life and we had a second screwing session.

I still can't quite believe it happened, or imagine what possessed the girl to do it, but black cherry yoghurt will never be the same to me again!

(Name and address withheld)

Your chum's landlady probably feels the same about her living room carpet.

Skirting the issue

I find enjoyment in the contents of most issues of *Mayfair*, but, like everyone else, I have personal preferences, so in writing I may join unknown others in influencing the magazine towards even greater pleasure.

Firstly, in girl pictures I prefer underwear pictures to outdoor ones, and I very much enjoy it if a shot of the model fully dressed is included before she begins to strip.

Secondly, and more importantly, I have a special preference for something that is not featured very often — I refer to pictures of girls lifting their skirts.

I am sure this is a hang over from my teens when a female cousin regularly raised her skirts for me. At the ages of 16, 17 and 18 my

turn to page 114

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LETTERS

continued from page 112
birthday treat was to lie on the floor while my cousin stood astride me, allowing me — in theory, at least — to look up her skirts for as long as I liked. Occasionally she would swing her hips so that her dress would fly out before dropping back into fresh, exquisite folds around her thighs. She was in the sixth form when she first offered this, and it began almost as a schoolgirl prank. But later on she joined a bank, and it made quite an impact having a young woman raise the skirt of a smart business suit to her waist, when asked nicely.

In recent issues Pat Gilchrist and The Viewing in Vol 22 No 4 best re-create that experience for me, so more of the same, please.

I would also make a plea for girls wearing slips. The other day the *Guardian* suggested that slips and petticoats are on their way back (they are supposed to have been considered funny and frumpy by liberated girls), and since showing the undies is only a degree less forbidden than revealing the private parts, according to most mothers, I am all for swathes of nylon and lace being on view as well.

Unfortunately such views don't occur that often in real life. I had one girlfriend who would occasionally raise her dress and slip while moving around out flat, and I have one dear friend who doesn't mind me glancing up her skirts when she's lounging about, and who will sometimes lift and show off her petticoats. But I broke up with another girlfriend who would only lift her skirts to warm her legs in front of the fire in winter, and couldn't bring herself to do it simply to turn me on. So *Mayfair's* poses featuring such an archetypal feminine garment are greatly appreciated.

RE, Devon

Presumably in your world there's many a slip between D-cup and hip...

Grandmother death threat

I am a regular reader of *Mayfair* but Vol 22 No 7 was beyond my wildest dreams. I couldn't believe that girls could be so perfect. First we had Bernadette. I nearly exploded when I took in her slim, tantalising figure. I would shoot my grandmother to make love to Bernie. By the way, she's the first Irish nude I've seen. If there are any more like her in the Emerald Isle please invite them over!

Sarah Whittle's re-appearance in *Mayfair* was more than welcome. She is one of the few big-boobed girls with looks to match her figure. Kelly was possibly my favourite. Women in lingerie always turn me on, but with her inviting smile and large firm breasts who could ever resist Kelly.

Girl of the Month Andrea can arrest me any time, just as long as she's in uniform, wearing those black stockings and suspenders she talked about.

Unfortunately I'm not from outer space, so I guess that prevents me from making it with Watford's own Corinne Bentley. Jane Cadogan posed in practically every position possible, and looked just great in them all.

Thunderous applause in *Mayfair's* direction for the Beastie girls scoop. Elisha is the sort of sex machine mothers warn about, and schoolboys dream of. I would love to see Louise again — a perfect combination of that little-girl-lost look and a body so lovable it makes you want to explode.

More please!

WF, Brize Norton

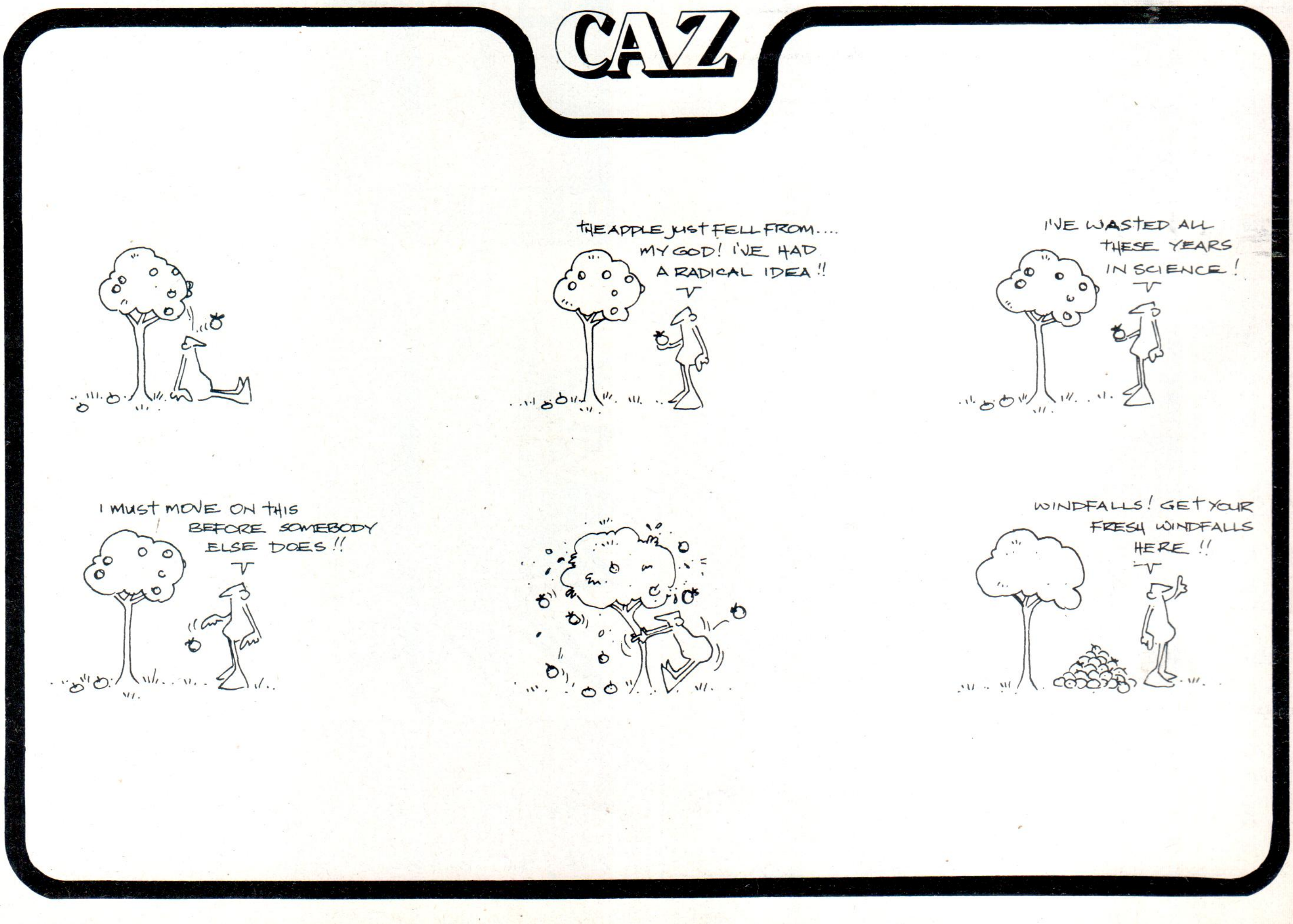
We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

More Mel

I loved your issue featuring Mel Appleby (Vol 22 No1). It was my first time of reading your magazine. Mel and Kim are really big here in the States, and when I saw Mel on the cover I bought the mag right away.' Please put in some more nude photos of her!

WLT, Boston, Mass

Hang on, WLT, and all Mel fans. We plan to feature her in Best of Mayfair No 7, *due out in October.*



Rothmans
KING SIZE
Rothmans
KING SIZE
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
FILTER TIPPED
ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL LONDON EST. 1890
REAL KING SIZE FLAVOUR
THE BEST TOBACCO MONEY CAN BUY
MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
Warning: SMOKING WHEN PREGNANT CAN INJURE YOUR BABY AND CAUSE PREMATURE BIRTH
Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
STOPPING SMOKING REDUCES THE RISK OF SERIOUS DISEASES
Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers